



No. 151.—Vol. XII.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1895.

SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6½d.



MISS MAUD RENÉ (MRS. SIMS RÉEVES), NOW APPEARING AT THE EMPIRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE ARTISTIC PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPANY, OXFORD STREET, W.

THE OMAR KHAYYAM CLUB.

The Omarians dined at Frascati's on Dec. 6, with Mr. Clement Shorter, the new President, in the chair. Among the company were Edmund Gosse (Vice-President), Edward Clodd, W. L. Courtney, George Whale, Henry Norman, H. W. Massingham, Thomas J. Wise, Wilfred Meynell, Max Pemberton, M. D. Conway, H. Buxton Forman, W. Slater, W. R. Walkes, Arthur Ropes, L. F. Austin, Frederick Hudson, and Dr. Plimmer. The President proposed the health of the guests of the Club, Mr. Moberly Bell, of the *Times*, Mr. A. W. Pinero, Professor Rhys Davids, and Mr. Alfred Harmsworth. Mr. Bell replied in a speech full of humour and geniality. The toast of the new members, Mr. Andrew Lang, whose prior engagement with a caddie at St. Andrews prevented his attendance, Mr. George Gissing, Mr. A. B. Walkley, and Mr. Frederick Jameson, was proposed by Mr. Gosse. The President called special attention to the presence of M. Ortmans, proprietor and editor of *Cosmopolis*, the new international review, and to the English section of which several members of the Club are engaged to contribute. M. Ortmans gave an interesting account of this periodical, which is to appear next month. Among the recreations of the evening was the recitation by Mr. Arthur Ropes (Adrian Ross) of two humorous lyrics from unpublished comic operas. The menu-card bore the following message from Mr. Marion Crawford, addressed to the President—

Villa Crawford, Sant' Agnello di Sorrento.
Oct. 30, 1895.

I am just about to sail for New York, and I remember that the gathering of the followers of Omar, at which you kindly expressed a wish that I might assist, takes place early in December. I wish, indeed, that I could be with you, for, though there be many wiser and greater than I among those who venerate FitzGerald, there is none whose admiration is more genuine than mine. You have planted roses on his grave, but he still plants roses in all hearts that know him, and a generation owes many of its gentlest and best thoughts to him. Of him, and of few others who have ever written, we are glad of all his "moving finger" wrote, and glad that "nor all your piety nor wit shall lure it back to cancel half a line."

If I knew your day, I would pour a libation in memory of Omar and in honour of his greater interpreter. Will you do it for me, at your feast? We smile at the ancestor-worship of the Chinese, but, unless we honour duly, and duly remember our own literary ancestors, there can be little hope for literature in these modern days of storm and stress. I sometimes think that the world has got all the education it can bear, and that these are its "Wanderjahre," and that the Master-state, so to say, is still to be reached at the end of its journeyings. Surely we may take FitzGerald for our companion in our years of wandering, and not be disappointed.

Good luck and good cheer attend your feast. Perhaps at some future time I may be one of you, but, meanwhile, let there be a rose and a libation for the poet in my name.—Faithfully yours,
F. MARION CRAWFORD.

THE JOHNSON CLUB.

The members of the Johnson Club held their winter meeting on Dec. 13 at the Cheshire Cheese. There was a large gathering of members and guests, including Augustine Birrell, who has just vacated the chair, John Sergeant, the new Prior, H. M. Stanley, E. G. Leveson, the Scribe, L. F. Austin, the Sub-Prior, W. A. McArthur, Henwood Thomas, George Whale, Henry Norman, H. W. Massingham, Lionel Johnson, T. Fisher Unwin, Joseph Pennell, A. Spokes, T. Ashton, A. Spalding, G. Hance, G. Green, and Gilbert Burgess. The chief incident of the



WHERE THE JOHNSON CLUB MEETS.

From the Menu-Card.

evening was the reappearance of Mr. Henwood Thomas, an original member of the Club, after an absence of six years, during which he has suffered a painful illness. In response to the toast of his health, proposed by the Sub-Prior, Mr. Thomas made a speech, afterwards described by Mr. Birrell as the most admirably Johnsonian utterance he had ever heard. In lieu of the usual paper, Mr. Birrell gave a diverting account of the visit of a handful of the brethren to Ashbourne, where they discovered a descendant of Boswell. The Prior proposed the health of the guests, and responses in various keys of awe and deprecation were made by Mr. Ashton and others. Mr. Edward Clodd and Mr. H. B. Wheatley, the editor of "Pepys," were elected new members.

WHERE TO GO AT CHRISTMAS.

Christmas is the time to go home, and the uncomfortable conditions of travelling at this time of the year are compensated by the facilities offered by the railway companies.

The London and North-Western Company announce that on Friday, Saturday, and Monday, the Night Irish Mail, due to leave Euston at 8.20, will not leave till 8.40. The mail-steamer for Kingstown will await the arrival of the train. They will also run a special train on Tuesday from Willesden for Bletchley, Wolverton, Rugby, principal stations on the Trent Valley Line, and Stafford, in advance of the 2.45 p.m. ordinary train from London (Euston). The Night Irish Mail, due to leave Euston at 8.20 p.m., will not leave on that day until 9.5 p.m. The 12 night train from London (Euston), due at Warrington at 5.15 a.m. on Wednesday, Dec. 25, will be extended from Warrington to Kendal and Carlisle as on ordinary week-days. On Christmas Day a special train will leave Euston at 6.15 a.m. for Northampton, Rugby, Birmingham, Stafford, Ireland, Edinburgh, Glasgow, &c. The ordinary Sunday service of trains will be in operation. The company also announce cheap excursions to Coventry, Leamington, Birmingham, South Staffordshire stations, Wolverhampton, Nuneaton, Liverpool, Warrington, Lancaster, the English Lake District, North and South Wales, and the Cambrian Line, Shrewsbury, Carlisle, Scotland, Ireland, &c.

The Great Northern Company announce that, on Tuesday night, Dec. 24 (for three and seven days), and Tuesday night, Dec. 31 (for three and eight days), cheap excursions will leave London for Scotland. Passengers by the excursion on the 24th return on Thursday, the 26th, or Monday, Dec. 30, and those by the excursion on Dec. 31 return on Thursday, the 2nd, or on Tuesday, Jan. 7, according to period of ticket taken. Tickets at a single fare for the double journey will also be issued by above excursions to places named, available for return by one fixed train on any day within sixteen days, including days of issue and return. On Tuesday, cheap three and five days' excursions will also leave London for Cambridge, Ramsey, Huntingdon, Peterborough, Lynn, &c., returning on Dec. 26 and 28. On Dec. 21, 23, and 24, additional trains will be run to meet requirements of traffic. A special express at ordinary fares will leave King's Cross at midnight on Tuesday, for Welwyn, &c.

The Great Western will issue cheap third-class tickets at reduced fares to the Yeovil and Weymouth districts, to stations in the West of England, and to Guernsey and Jersey. Similar tickets will also be issued from those districts to London (except the Channel Islands). On Tuesday night cheap excursions will be run from Paddington for Bath and Bristol, for Oxford, Worcester, Malvern, Cardiff, Gloucester, Cheltenham, &c. For the convenience of persons who are unable to leave town before the morning of Christmas Day, the 5.30 a.m. from Paddington will run as on week-days to Oxford, Bristol, Weston-super-Mare, Worcester, Birmingham, Dudley, and Wolverhampton.

On the Midland, cheap excursion trains will be run to Scotland, &c., on Tuesday for three or seven days, and on Dec. 31 for three or eight days, by which return tickets will be issued at a third-class single fare for the double journey. The single-fare tickets issued on Dec. 24 will be available for returning on any day up to and including Jan. 8, 1896, and single-fare tickets taken on Dec. 31 will be available for returning any day up to and including Jan. 15, 1896. Cheap excursion trains will also be run to Leicester, Birmingham, &c. Cheap excursion tickets will be issued from St. Pancras and principal provincial stations to-morrow, to Dublin, Cork, Killarney, Limerick, &c., *via* Liverpool, available for sixteen days. On Christmas Eve the pressure of traffic will be relieved by the running of duplicate trains from St. Pancras as circumstances may require.

The South-Eastern Company on Christmas Eve will run a Fast Late Train to Chislehurst, Sevenoaks, Tonbridge, and Dover, leaving Charing Cross at midnight. On Sunday and Christmas Day a Fast Train will leave Charing Cross at 10 a.m. for Canterbury, Deal, Ramsgate, and Margate. A Fast Train will leave Margate 1 a.m., Ramsgate 1.8 a.m., Minster 1.20 a.m., Canterbury 1.40 a.m., and Ashford 2.10 a.m. for Cannon Street and Charing Cross on Christmas Day.

The Brighton and South Coast Company will, on Dec. 23 and 24, run Extra Fast Trains for the Isle of Wight, and on Tuesday an Extra Midnight Train will leave London for Brighton, Eastbourne, Hastings, Worthing, Portsmouth, &c. On Christmas Day the ordinary Sunday service will be run, including the Pullman-cheap trains from Victoria to Brighton and back. On Boxing Day, day-trips at special excursion fares will be run from London to Brighton, and from Hastings, Eastbourne, Tunbridge Wells, and Brighton to London.

The South-Western Company will run excursions to the West of England from Dec. 21 to Dec. 25, and a fourteen-day trip to Guernsey and Jersey on Dec. 23, 24, and 25. On Tuesday extra trains will leave Waterloo for the Exeter and West of England lines. The 3 p.m. train from Waterloo will convey passengers to Camelford, Delabole, Wadebridge, and Bodmin. A special late train will leave Waterloo at 11.45 p.m. for Basingstoke, Winchester, Eastleigh, Portsmouth, Southampton West, Brockenhurst, Wimborne, Wareham, Dorchester, and Weymouth. On Christmas Day the 11 a.m. train from Waterloo will convey passengers to Ilfracombe. On Christmas Day special trains will leave Waterloo as under, calling at principal intermediate stations. At 5.50 a.m. for Basingstoke, Salisbury, Exeter, Tavistock, Plymouth, Barnstaple, Ilfracombe, Bideford, &c. At 8.5 a.m. for Southampton, Portsmouth Harbour (for Ryde), Gosport, Salisbury, Christchurch, Bournemouth, Lymington, Yarmouth, &c. At 9.30 a.m., fast train at cheap fares for Southampton West, New Forest, and Bournemouth.

The SUBSCRIPTION LIST will close Thursday, Dec. 19, for London, and Friday, Dec. 20, for the Country.

Messrs. BROWN, JANSON, and CO. are authorised by the Directors to receive subscriptions for the undermentioned Capital.

THE CROWN LEASE PROPRIETARY COMPANY, Limited.

Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1890, whereby the liability of Shareholders is limited.

SHARE CAPITAL - - £250,000,

DIVIDED INTO

30,000 6 per cent. Cumulative Preference Shares of £5 each, and 20,000 Ordinary Shares of £5 each.

PRESENT ISSUE of 21,000 6 per cent. Cumulative Preference Shares, and 20,000 Ordinary Shares of £5 each, payable 10s. on application, £1 on allotment, £1 10s. one month after allotment, £2 two months after allotment.

The balance of the Preference Shares (£45,000) is reserved for issue by the Directors (if required).

DIRECTORS.

THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF KILMOREY, K.P. (Chairman),
5, Aldford Street, Park Lane, W.

MAJOR-GENERAL G. F. KAYE, 67, Gunterstone Road, W.

WILLIAM LONSDALE, Esq., Hutton Roof, Eastbourne.

CHARLES F. MASSINGBERD-MUNDY, Esq., J.P., D.L., Ormsby Hall,
Alford.

CLAUDE ARTHUR PAGET, Esq., Crowe Hall, Ipswich.

THE LAW GUARANTEE AND TRUST SOCIETY, LIMITED, are entitled
to nominate a Director after Allotment.

BANKERS—Messrs. BROWN, JANSON, and CO., 32, Abchurch Lane, E.C.

ARCHITECT—WALTER EMDEN, Esq., 105 and 106, Strand, W.C.

SOLICITORS—Messrs. ROMER and HASLAM, 4, Copthall Chambers, E.C.

AUDITORS—Messrs. WARD and WILDING, Chartered Accountants,
Clement's Inn, W.C.

SECRETARY AND OFFICES (pro tem.)—Mr. H. E. WINTER,
1, Northumberland Avenue, W.C.

PROSPECTUS.

This Company has been formed for the purpose of acquiring, under lease direct from the Crown, and under exceptionally favourable circumstances, the well-known and exceedingly valuable building site, situate at the corner of the Haymarket, lately occupied by HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE and other buildings, and for utilising the same by the erection of

- (1)—An Opera-House;
- (2)—A number of handsome and imposing Shops;
- (3)—Chambers of a very superior character;
- (4)—A fine and luxuriously appointed Restaurant.

It has been proposed that a portion of the premises shall be set apart as a Club—to be called The Opera Club—the Committee of which will be elected from Members of the Directorates of the Imperial Opera Company, Limited, mentioned below, and of this Company.

Plans for the erection of these buildings have been prepared by the eminent Architect, Mr. Walter Emden, whose long experience and recognised professional ability fully qualify him to deal with an important undertaking of this description.

The site in question comprises an area of nearly one acre, and is situated in one of the most advantageous positions in the world, having unrivalled frontages to Pall Mall, the Haymarket, Charles Street, and the Opera Arcade, as shown by the proposed ground-plan accompanying this prospectus. It will be held direct from the Crown for a term of eighty years, commencing October 1890, at the unusually low ground-rent of £4200 per annum.

The following figures show the price of land and ground-rents paid in the locality of the Haymarket—

		Per foot.
Hotel Victoria	Northumberland Avenue	For the Fee, £9 to £10.
Grand Hotel	Ditto	Ground-rent, 9s. 6d. per annum.
Land in	Pall Mall	" " 8s. 7½d. "
SITE SECURED BY THIS	Haymarket and Pall Mall	" " 1s. 11d. "
COMPANY		
(Nearly one acre)		

The new Opera-House will be in every respect more commodious than any Theatre in the Metropolis. It will provide seats for about 2800 persons, and every arrangement is being made to render it attractive to the public, and will be sublet to the Imperial Opera Company, Limited, for the whole term, less the last ten days thereof, at a rental of £9000 per annum.

The Directorate of the Imperial Opera Company, Limited (as will be seen from the Prospectus shortly to be issued), is composed of noblemen and gentlemen of position, and the names of those who have already consented to become patrons and patronesses are sufficient indication of the widespread support which the enterprise will receive in influential quarters. All circumstances point to the successful realisation of the project which is to give to London one of the finest Opera-Houses in the World.

The subjoined calculations are based upon the careful estimates of the Architect, but it should be borne in mind that the rentals assessed upon the Shops, Chambers, &c., are believed to be below the amount paid for neighbouring properties of a similar description. With regard to the Restaurant, the estimated rental of £5000 is moderate, inasmuch as an offer has been made by a celebrated catering firm to take the premises on a long lease, at a rental based on a percentage of the gross takings, the guaranteed minimum being considerably in excess of £5000. The Directors are of opinion that not only can the proposed percentage be increased before a contract is signed, but that, in course of time, the turnover will largely exceed the present estimate. They, therefore, have every reason to believe that the gross income, as set out in the next paragraph, will in a few years' time be much increased.

The estimated sources of the Company's revenue when the whole building scheme is completed may be thus summarised—

Rent of Imperial Opera-House	£9,000
" Shops in Pall Mall (8), at £500	4,000
" Haymarket (8), at £350	2,800
" Arcades (32), at £140	4,480
" Restaurant	5,000
" Club and Chambers	7,000
	32,280
Less Ground Rent	4,200
Interest on Debentures, £200,000 at 4 per cent.	8,000
	12,200
	Leaving £20,080

The revenue above-mentioned would enable the Directors to declare a dividend of 6 per cent. upon the Preference Capital now issued, and 8 per cent. upon the Ordinary Share Capital, after making ample allowance for expenses of administration, reserve fund, mortgage insurance premium, amortisation, &c.

The arrangements with the Vendor are embodied in the Provisional Contract (2) below-mentioned, and the funds (£100,000) to satisfy the requirements of that contract will be provided as to £200,000 out of the proceeds of the present issue, and as to the balance on mortgages guaranteed by the Law Guarantee and Trust Society, Limited, which have already been arranged, and which will be subsequently cleared off by the issue of Debentures. The Directors have satisfied themselves that the price to be paid to the vendor is reasonable, especially having regard to two valuations of the land which were made a short time ago by two of the most eminent London surveyors.

A small portion of the site facing Pall Mall is now occupied by a shop and appurtenances, the lease of which expires in 1912. The other buildings in Pall Mall will either be renovated and relet until then, or until a surrender of the lease referred to, or liberty to rebuild shall have been obtained, as may seem expedient.

The Vendor undertakes—

- (1) To deliver to the Company the complete buildings in accordance with the final Plans and Specifications of the Company's Architect, and to procure the transfer to the Company of the Lease referred to when acquired.
- (2) To pay the Architect's fees.
- (3) To pay the Ground Rent until Sept. 29, 1896.
- (4) To pay the Mortgage or Debenture Interest until Sept. 29, 1896, by which time it is expected the buildings, or the greater part, will have been handed over to the Company, as provided in the Building Contract.
- (5) To pay all expenses of the promotion and formation, including advertising, printing, &c., up to the date of allotment.

The arrangements have been designed with a view to leaving £50,000 in Cash and Preference Shares for the provision of the working capital of the Company; but, in the circumstances, it will be seen that little or no working capital will be required.

The following Contracts have been entered into, viz.—

- (1) Contract between the Law Guarantee and Trust Society, Limited, of the one part, and Herbert Parry Okeden, of the other part, dated the 31st day of October, 1895.
- (2) Provisional contract between Herbert Parry Okeden, the vendor, who is a promoter of the Company, of the one part, and Harry E. Winter, as Trustee for and on behalf of this Company, of the other part, dated the 26th day of November, 1895; and a further Provisional Contract supplemental thereto, and made between the same parties, dated the 11th day of December, 1895.
- (3) Provisional contract between Herbert Parry Okeden, of the one part, and Messrs. Perry and Co., of the other part, dated the 11th day of December, 1895, for the construction of the works.

Copies of the Memorandum and Articles of Association and of the above-mentioned Contracts, together with a plan of the site, may be inspected at the offices of the Company, where also the plans and estimates may be seen. Various other contracts have been entered into by the vendor in relation to the formation and promotion of the Company. Applicants are to be deemed to have notice of such Contracts, and to have agreed with the Company as Trustees for the Directors, and any other persons liable, to waive any claim they may have for not more fully complying with the requirements of Section 38 of the Companies Act, 1867.

It is intended to apply in due course for a Stock Exchange quotation, and to change the name of the Company slightly so as to indicate the situation of the property to be acquired.

Applications for Shares should be made on the enclosed forms and sent to the Bankers of the Company, with a remittance of the amount payable on application. In cases where the number of Shares allotted is less than the number applied for, the surplus amount paid as deposit on such Shares will be credited towards the amount payable on allotment. In cases where no allotment is made the deposit will be returned in full.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application for Shares can be obtained at the offices of the Company, and at the Bankers, Solicitors, and Auditors.

Dated, Dec. 13, 1895.

FORM OF APPLICATION FOR SHARES.

THE CROWN LEASE PROPRIETARY COMPANY, LIMITED.

Issue of 21,000 6 per cent. Cumulative Preference Shares of £5 each, and 20,000 Ordinary Shares of £5 each.

To the Directors of THE CROWN LEASE PROPRIETARY COMPANY, LTD.

GENTLEMEN,—Having paid to the Company's Bankers the sum of £....., being the deposit of 10s. per Share due on application for { Ordinary
Shares of £5 each in the above-named Company, I hereby request you to allot me that number of Shares, and I hereby agree to accept the same, or any less amount allotted to me, and I agree to pay the instalments thereon, as required in the terms of the Prospectus, and I declare that I waive any fuller compliance with Section 38 of the Companies Act, 1867, or otherwise, than that contained in such Prospectus. In the event of my receiving no allotment, the amount to be returned in full.

Ordinary Signature
Name (in full)
Description
Address
Date.....1895

If desirous of paying up in full on allotment, sign also here

LYCEUM.

Lessee, Henry Irving.
Under the management of Mr. J. Forbes Robertson and Mr. Frederick Harrison.
LAST FOUR PERFORMANCES OF
ROMEO AND JULIET.
ROMEO MR. FORBES ROBERTSON.
MERCUTIO MR. COGHLAN.
JULIET MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL.
MATINEES OF ROMEO AND JULIET
TO-DAY (WEDNESDAY), Dec. 18, at 2 o'clock
(No Evening performance on this date).
And SATURDAY NEXT, Dec. 21, the LAST MATINEE and the LAST PERFORMANCE.
In preparation for production early in January, a NEW AND ORIGINAL PLAY by
HENRY ARTHUR JONES.
Box Office (Mr. J. Hurst) open 10 to 5. LYCEUM.

ROYALTY THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager, MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER. EVERY EVENING at 8.40, the successful Light Comedy, entitled THE CHILI WIDOW. Mr. Arthur Bouchier and Miss Violet Vanbrugh, Messrs. Elliot and Blakely, Mesdames Irene Vanbrugh, Leigh, and Kate Phillips, &c. At 8.5 KITTIE OLIVE—ACTRESS. Doors open 7.30. Box Office 10 to 10. Proprietress, Miss Kate Santley. MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY at 2.30, and SPECIAL MATINEE on BOXING DAY.

EXHIBITION of CARRIAGES fitted with PNEUMATIC TYRES.

EXHIBITION OF EVERY VARIETY OF CARRIAGE BY ALL THE BEST ENGLISH COACH-BUILDERS,
Each fitted with
DUNLOP PNEUMATIC TYRES.
These are the greatest possible luxury both to the occupant and for the horse. Full particulars on application.
On View daily from 9.30 a.m. to 6.30 p.m.
At 14, REGENT STREET (Waterloo Place End).

MIDLAND RAILWAY.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY ARRANGEMENTS.
On Christmas Day the trains will run as appointed for Sundays, except the Newspaper Express leaving London (St. Pancras) at 5.15 a.m., which will run to Bedford, Leicester, Nottingham, Derby, Sheffield, and Manchester, as on Ordinary Week-days. The 8.55 a.m. local train, Sheffield to Leeds, &c., will await the arrival of the Newspaper Express at Sheffield.

ON THURSDAY, DEC. 26,
Certain booked trains will be DISCONTINUED, of which due notice will be given by special bills at the stations.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR EXCURSIONS.

NORTH OF ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND.

On Tuesday, Dec. 24, for three or seven days, and on Tuesday, Dec. 31, for three or eight days, to NEWCASTLE, Berwick, Carlisle, Dumfries, Castle Douglas, Kirkcudbright, EDINBURGH, GLASGOW, Ayr, Kilmarnock, Stranraer, Stirling, Perth, Dundee, Arbroath, Montrose, Aberdeen, &c. Leaving ST. PANCRAS at 9.15 p.m., Kentish Town 9.19, Victoria (L.C. & D.) 8.3, Moorgate Street 8.47, Aldersgate Street 8.49, and Farringdon Street at 8.51 p.m.

RETURN TICKETS at a THIRD-CLASS SINGLE FARE for the DOUBLE JOURNEY will be issued by the train on Dec. 24 to the places mentioned, available for return on any day up to Jan. 8, 1896, and by the train on Dec. 31 available for return on any day up to Jan. 15, 1896.

GENERAL EXCURSION.

On Tuesday Night, Dec. 24, to Leicester, BIRMINGHAM, NOTTINGHAM, Derby, Newark, Lincoln, Burton, MANCHESTER, LIVERPOOL, Blackburn, Bolton, Sheffield, LEEDS, BRADFORD, York, Hull, Scarborough, Newcastle, the Lake District, &c., returning Dec. 26 or 28.

IRELAND.

There will also be Cheap Excursions to DUBLIN, BELFAST, Londonderry, and Portrush. For particulars see Bills.

Tickets and Bills may be had at the Midland Stations and City Booking-Offices, and from Thomas Cook and Son, Ludgate Circus, and Branch Offices.
Derby, Dec. 1895. GEO. H. TURNER, General Manager.

LONDON AND NORTH WESTERN RAILWAY.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS, 1895.

ON FRIDAY, SATURDAY, and MONDAY, DEC. 20, 21, and 23, the NIGHT IRISH MAIL DUE TO LEAVE EUSTON AT 8.20 p.m. WILL NOT LEAVE UNTIL 8.40 p.m. The mail steamer for Kingstown will await the arrival of the train at Holyhead.

ON TUESDAY, DEC. 24, Special Trains will be run from Willesden Junction at 2.55 p.m. for Bletchley, Wolverton, Rugby, principal Stations on the Trent Valley Line, and Stafford, in advance of the 2.45 p.m. ordinary train from Euston; and from Euston at 4.25 p.m. for Coventry and Birmingham.

THE NIGHT IRISH MAIL, DUE TO LEAVE EUSTON AT 8.20 p.m., WILL NOT LEAVE UNTIL 9.5 p.m. The Mail Steamer for Kingstown will wait the arrival of the Train at Holyhead.

The 12 night Train from London (EUSTON) due at Warrington at 5.15 a.m. on Wednesday, Dec. 25, will be extended from Warrington to Kendal and Carlisle as on ordinary week-days.

CHRISTMAS DAY.—A Special Train will leave Euston at 6.15 a.m. for Northampton, Rugby, Birmingham, Stafford, Stoke, Crewe, Manchester, Liverpool, Chester, Ireland, Lancaster, Carlisle, Edinburgh, Glasgow, &c. THE ORDINARY SUNDAY SERVICE OF TRAINS WILL BE IN OPERATION.

ON BANK HOLIDAY, THURSDAY, DEC. 26, the Express Trains usually leaving London (Euston) at 12 noon and 4 p.m. WILL NOT BE RUN; passengers will be conveyed by the 12.10 p.m. and 4.10 p.m. trains respectively. The 4.30 p.m., London (Euston) to Birmingham and Wolverhampton, will also be discontinued, and passengers will be conveyed by the 5 p.m. train, except those for Market Harborough, Melton Mowbray, Nottingham, &c., who must travel by the 3 p.m. train from Euston. The 8.10 p.m., Euston to Tring, will not run. Numerous residential trains in the neighbourhood of important Cities and Towns will not be run.

The Up and Down Dining Saloons between London, Liverpool, and Manchester will not be run on Bank Holiday, but the Corridor Dining Car trains between London and Edinburgh and Glasgow will be run as usual.

For Further particulars, see Special Notices issued by the Company.
London, December, 1895. FRED. HARRISON, General Manager.

GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR HOLIDAYS.

DEC. 21, 23, and 24, additional trains will be run to meet requirements of traffic. The 10.30 p.m. express from King's Cross on Tuesday, Dec. 24, will not run beyond Berwick on Christmas Day morning. Tuesday, Dec. 24, the 5 p.m. express from King's Cross will be continued to Melton Constable, calling at all stations east of Peterborough. A Special Express, at ordinary fares, will leave London (King's Cross) at 12 midnight on Tuesday, Dec. 24, for Welwyn, Stevenage, Hitchin, Biggleswade, Sandy, St. Neots, Huntingdon, Peterborough, Spalding, Boston, Grimsby, Grantham, Lincoln, Nottingham, Newark, Retford, Doncaster, Wakefield, Leeds, Bradford, Halifax, Selby, York, and other places in the North of England.

CHRISTMAS DAY, the trains will run as on Sundays, except that the 5.15 a.m. express from King's Cross (at ordinary fares) will be run to Peterborough, Bourne, Stamford, Grantham, Lincoln, Nottingham, Doncaster, Wakefield, Leeds, Bradford, and Halifax, stopping at the intermediate stations at which it ordinarily calls, and will be continued to York, Newcastle, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Perth, Aberdeen, &c.

CHEAP EXCURSIONS.

TUESDAY NIGHT, DEC. 24 (for three and seven days), and TUESDAY NIGHT, DEC. 31 (for three and eight days), Cheap Excursions to Newcastle, Berwick, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Stirling, Perth, Dundee, Dalnally, Fort William, Montrose, Aberdeen, Inverness, and other stations in Scotland, will leave Woolwich (Arsenal and Dockyard), Victoria (L.C. & D.), Ludgate Hill, Moorgate, Aldersgate, Farringdon, King's Cross (G.N.), and Finsbury Park. Passengers by the excursion on Dec. 24 return on Thursday, 26th, or Monday, Dec. 30, and those by the excursion on Dec. 31 return on Thursday, Jan. 2, or on Tuesday, Jan. 7, according to period of ticket taken.

TICKETS at a SINGLE FARE FOR THE DOUBLE JOURNEY will also be issued by above excursions to places named, available for return by one fixed train on any day within sixteen days, including days of issue and return.

TUESDAY, DEC. 24, Cheap Three and Five Days' Express Excursions will be run from LONDON (Woolwich, Victoria, Moorgate, Aldersgate, Farringdon, and King's Cross, G.N.), to Cambridge, Ramsey, Huntingdon, Peterborough, Lynn, Norwich, Cromer, Yarmouth, Lincoln, Boston, Spalding, Great Grimsby, Leicester, Nottingham, Derby, Burton, Burslem, Tutbury, Stoke, Newark, Sheffield, Barnsley, Rotherham, Huddersfield, Manchester, Liverpool, Doncaster, Wakefield, Leeds, Bradford, Kighley, Halifax, Hull, York, Bridlington, Malton, Scarborough, Whitby, Stockton, Darlington, Richmond, Durham, Hartlepool, Middlesbrough, Newcastle, &c.

For fares and full particulars see bills, to be obtained at Company's stations and town offices.
HENRY OAKLEY, General Manager.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY ARRANGEMENTS.

LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.

ORDINARY RETURN TICKETS for distances under twelve miles issued on Tuesday or Wednesday, Dec. 24 and 25, are available for the return journey up to the evening of the following Thursday, and those issued at any time for distances from twelve to fifty miles eight days; and for distances over fifty miles for one calendar month, including date of issue and return.

Special Cheap Tickets will be issued on Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 24 and 25, to and from London and the Seaside, available for return on any day up to and including Friday, Dec. 27, as per Special Bills.

PORTSMOUTH AND THE ISLE OF WIGHT.—EXTRA TRAINS.

Dec. 24. The Fast Train leaving Victoria at 4.55 p.m. and Lion Bridge 5 p.m., will take Passengers for Ryde, St. Helens, Bembridge, Sandown, Shanklin, Ventnor (First, Second, and Third Class).

On FRIDAY, DEC. 27, SPECIAL TRAINS will leave Newport 7.33 a.m., Ventnor 7.30 a.m., calling at all Stations to Hyde Pier, in connection with a Boat at 8.5 a.m. to Portsmouth Harbour to join 8.45 a.m. Fast Train to London (First, Second, and Third Class).

BRIGHTON EVERY SUNDAY AND ON CHRISTMAS DAY.

First-Class Cheap Trains from Victoria 10.45 a.m. and 12.15 p.m. Returning by any Train the same day. Fare, First Class, 10s.

Pullman Cars are run in these Trains, returning from Brighton 5 p.m. and 8.40 p.m. Special Cheap Fare, including Pullman Car, 12s.

HASTINGS, ST. LEONARDS, AND EASTBOURNE.—Fast Trains every Week-day.

From Victoria—9.50 a.m., 12 noon, 1.30 p.m., and 3.27 p.m., also 4.30 p.m. and 5.40 p.m. to Eastbourne only.

From London Bridge—9.45 a.m., 12.5 p.m., 2.5 p.m., 4.5 p.m., and 5.5 p.m.

BRANCH BOOKING-OFFICES.—For the convenience of Passengers

who may desire to take their Tickets in advance, the following Branch Booking-Offices, in addition to those at the Victoria and London Bridge Stations, are now open for the issue of Tickets to all Stations on the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway, to the Isle of Wight, Paris, and the Continent, &c.—

The Company's West-End Booking-Offices, 28, Regent Street, Piccadilly, W., and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings.

The Company's City Booking-Offices, 6, Arthur Street East, and Hays', 4, Royal Exchange Buildings.

Cook's Tourist Offices, Ludgate Circus, 445, West Strand, 99, Gracechurch Street, 82, Oxford Street, and Euston Road.

Gaze's Tourist Offices, 142, Strand, and Westbourne Grove.

Jakins', 6, Camden Road, 99, Leadenhall Street, and 30, Silver Street, Notting Hill Gate.

Myers', 343, Gray's Inn Road, and 1A, Pentonville Road.

The Army and Navy Stores, Victoria Street, Westminster.

Civil Service Supply Association, 136, Queen Victoria Street.

Ordinary Tickets issued at these Offices will be dated to suit the convenience of Passengers.

For further particulars see Handbills, to be had at all Stations, and at any of the above Offices.

(By Order) A. SARLE, Secretary and General Manager.

SOUTH EASTERN RAILWAY.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.

SUNDAY, DEC. 22, and CHRISTMAS DAY, a FAST TRAIN, leaving CHARING CROSS at 10 a.m. and CANNON STREET at 10.10 a.m., for ASHFORD, CANTERBURY, DEAL, RAMSGATE, and MARGATE. On Christmas Day Several Extra Trains will be run between Other Stations, but the Ordinary Services will be as on Sundays.

TUESDAY, DEC. 24, a FAST LATE TRAIN to CHISLEHURST, SEVENOAKS, TONBRIDGE, TUNBRIDGE WELLS, ST. LEONARDS, HASTINGS, ASHFORD, CANTERBURY, RAMSGATE, MARGATE, WESTENHANGER, SHORNCIFFE, FOLKESTONE, and DOVER, leaving CHARING CROSS at 12 MIDNIGHT, WATERLOO 12.2 a.m., CANNON STREET 12.8 a.m., LONDON BRIDGE 12.12 a.m., and NEW CROSS 12.20 a.m.

CHEAP TICKETS from LONDON will be ISSUED to VARIOUS SEASIDE STATIONS on Dec. 24 and 25, available to return up to and including Dec. 27.

BANK HOLIDAY, DEC. 26, several Trains will be withdrawn and altered, and Late Trains will run from London. For Fares and information respecting Extension of Time for Return Tickets, &c., see Holiday Programme.

MYLES FENTON, General Manager.

SOUTH WESTERN RAILWAY, CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY ARRANGEMENTS.

CHEAP RETURN TICKETS from London to the West of England, North and South Devon, the Somerset and Dorset Line (not on Sunday or Christmas Day), Weymouth, Dorchester, Poole, Bournemouth, &c., will be issued by all trains on Dec. 21, 22, 23, 24, and 25, available to return up to and including Dec. 30.

ON SATURDAY, DEC. 21, an EXPRESS TRAIN will leave Waterloo at 2.5 p.m. for BOURNEMOUTH.

To GUERNSEY and JERSEY on Dec. 23, 24, and 25, at a fare of 25s., available by any train or boat for fourteen days.

On Dec. 24 an EXTRA TRAIN will leave Waterloo at 4.45 p.m. for the Exeter and WEST OF ENGLAND Lines. On Dec. 24 SPECIAL LATE TRAINS will leave Waterloo at 10.15 p.m., for EXETER and intermediate Stations, and at 12.10 MIDNIGHT FOR EXETER, BARNSTAPLE, ILFRACOMBE, BIDEFORD, LAUNCESTON, CAMELFORD, WADEBRIDGE, BODMIN, DEVONPORT, PLYMOUTH, and other Stations in South and North Devon, North Cornwall, &c. The 5 p.m. train from Waterloo will convey passengers to Barnstaple, Ilfracombe, Bideford, and other North Devon Stations, also to Sidmouth, Exeter, Tavistock, Plymouth, &c. The Cheap Tickets will be issued by these trains.

ON TUESDAY, DEC. 24, the 3 p.m. Train from Waterloo will convey Passengers to Camelford, Delabole, WADEBRIDGE, and BODMIN.

A SPECIAL LATE TRAIN will leave Waterloo at 11.45 p.m. on Dec. 24 for Basingstoke, Winchester, Eastleigh, Portsmouth, Southampton West, Brockenhurst, Wimborne, Wareham, Dorchester, and Weymouth.

On Christmas Day, the 11 a.m. Train from Waterloo will convey Passengers to Ilfracombe.

ON CHRISTMAS DAY, SPECIAL TRAINS will leave Waterloo as under, calling at principal intermediate Stations. At 5.50 a.m. for Basingstoke, Salisbury, EXETER, Tavistock, PLYMOUTH, Barnstaple, ILFRACOMBE, Bideford, &c. At 8.5 a.m. for SOUTHAMPTON, PORTSMOUTH HARBOUR (for Ryde), Gosport, Salisbury, Christchurch, Bournemouth, Lymington, Yarmouth, &c. At 9.30 a.m., FAST TRAIN at cheap fares for Southampton West, New Forest, and Bournemouth.

For further particulars of additional trains, facilities to the Isle of Wight, return special late trains from South and North Devon, Dorchester, &c., see Programmes.

CHARLES SCOTTER, General Manager.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY EXCURSIONS.

On Dec. 18, and during the week preceding Christmas Day, CHEAP THIRD-CLASS RETURN TICKETS available on Dec. 21, 22, 23, 24, or 25, and for return up to Dec. 30 inclusive, will be issued from PALDINGTON, Kensington (Addison Road), Hammersmith, &c., to Bath, BRISTOL, Taunton, Barnstaple, ILFRACOMBE, EXETER, TORQUAY, PLYMOUTH, Falmouth, Penzance, YEovil, DORCHESTER, WEYMOUTH, &c.; and, on Dec. 23 and 24 only, to GUERNSEY and JERSEY, to return within fourteen days. Fare 25s. The tickets will be available by all trains.

CHEAP EXCURSIONS will leave PADDINGTON STATION as under:—

TUESDAY NIGHT, Dec. 24, 11.10 p.m. for BATH and BRISTOL, returning Thursday Night, Dec. 26.

11.35 p.m. for Oxford, Chipping Norton, Evesham, Worcester, Malvern, Hereford, Banbury, Leamington, Birmingham, Wolverhampton, Shrewsbury, Chester, Liverpool, &c., returning Thursday Night, Dec. 26, or Saturday, Dec. 28.

12.30 midnight for Cardiff, Swansea, Llanelly, Llandilo, Carmarthen Junction, Haverfordwest, New Milford, &c., returning Thursday Night, Dec. 26.

12.40 midnight for Cirencester, Stroud, Stonehouse, Gloucester, and Cheltenham, returning Thursday Night, Dec. 26.

Tickets, Pamphlets, and full particulars of alterations in ordinary train arrangements can be obtained at the Company's Stations and usual Receiving Offices.

HY. LAMBERT, General Manager.

MRS. SIMS REEVES.

Miss Maud René, pupil and wife of our great tenor, Sims Reeves, has followed in her husband's footsteps, and faced a music-hall audience. The experiment of bringing the highest musical art to a public unaccustomed to such things has been so successful, that it seems to have inaugurated a new era in the life of variety theatres. The Empire directors are quick to perceive this, and have hastened to follow up the satisfactory result of their own experiment.

I was recently (writes a *Sketch* representative) discussing her engagement with Mrs. Sims Reeves, who adds to exceptional native talent the inestimable advantage of her husband's careful tuition. "The public likes old-fashioned songs," she said thoughtfully, "and I am going to depend on ballads. I shall sing 'Robin Adair,' 'Wapping Old Stairs,' 'The Last Rose of Summer,' and favourites like these. They have more sympathy and feeling in them than any songs I know."

"Will you sing in opera at all?" I asked, remembering the range of

There are still two years of the articles to run, but a stronger tie now binds master and pupil. The two lives have become one, and, though the mantle of the old singer has not fallen from him, it has proved sufficiently voluminous to cover the younger one, who has taken so much of her charm and style from her husband. In a few weeks they will be away from the Metropolis, touring through the large towns of England and Scotland. After that, a visit to Australia is mooted. Wherever they go, Mr. Sims Reeves and his charming wife will carry with them the best wishes of all lovers of music, and will be sure of a very warm welcome when they reappear before a London audience.

A WEDDING IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

Amid the difficulties of the situation in Constantinople, it is a pleasant relief to hear of the wedding of Sir Philip Currie our Ambassador's stepdaughter, Miss Singleton, who has married M. de Groote, Counsellor



Count Donnersmark. M. de Groote. Madame de Groote. Sir Philip Currie. Lady Currie. Miss Neyt. Miss de Saurma-Jeltsch.

A WEDDING IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ABDULLA, CONSTANTINOPLE.

Miss René's voice, which can sing music written for a soprano or contralto alike.

"I prefer to be known as a ballad vocalist," she replied, "and my engagements are all for ballad-singing, although I confess that I should be delighted to essay opera, especially as Mr. Sims Reeves says I should do very well in certain pieces. So I may sing in opera later on. I should prefer 'Don Giovanni' above all others; for I love Zerlina's music."

Then she sat down to the piano, and, while playing snatches of the music of old songs, sang a few bars here and there to show me the full compass of her voice.

Mrs. Sims Reeves is of French extraction, though she has lived in England most of her life. She studied first as a pianist, but was advised to train her voice, which is of exceptional quality. Her early training as a vocalist was obtained in North Germany, near Hanover, where she stayed for three years and developed a tremolo. On her return to London, some five years ago, she was articled for seven years to Mr. Sims Reeves. The tremolo took eight months' constant practice to get rid of, and then she began to enjoy the tuition of her great master. Her voice rapidly developed; she acquired the unaffected sympathetic style that does not depend upon any mannerism. Sims Reeves and Miss René sang together in duets, and, however pressed for time he might be, her lessons were never neglected.

of the Belgian Legation. The ceremony took place in the British Embassy Chapel, which was so crowded that the bridal group had scarcely space for its progress to the altar. The bride was dressed in white satin, with a veil of Valenciennes lace and trimmings of orange-flowers. At the Embassy, where a further large number of guests had already assembled, the civil marriage ceremony was performed by the Belgian Consul, the witnesses being the Austrian, Russian, German, and British Ambassadors. The Sultan sent a message of congratulation to the bride, accompanied by a very beautiful wedding-gift, consisting of a rich diamond bracelet, with a superb central stone surrounded by 132 other brilliants of smaller size.

The portrait of Tom Paine, in our issue of Dec. 11, was reproduced from the portrait by Jarvis, belonging to Mr. Moncure Conway, and not from Dr. Grece's sepia drawing.

The Midland Railway Company has made arrangements for the sale of books of cloak-room tickets for commercial travellers' luggage. A ticket will be required for each article, which will frank its deposit in the cloak-room for any period not exceeding forty-eight hours, after which time the usual charge will be made. Books containing thirty tickets can be obtained at the stations on payment of 2s. 6d. each.

"KITTY CLIVE—ACTRESS," AT THE ROYALTY.

WHAT MISS VANBRUGH THINKS OF THE PART.

"Of course, I never can be one little bit like her—not really *like* her!" she cried despairingly.

It was hot summer, a glad, beautiful time, when even the working world was making holiday, when jewelled butterflies and a myriad of other winged things made the sunlight eloquent with their happy murmurs, and when a brown-eyed girl was wont to lie in the long, sweet-scented grass, day-dreaming of future triumphs. But to-day she was evidently dubious.

"Not really *like* her, you know," she said again.

I looked at her, and meditated. Kitty Clive was the subject under discussion, and her own appearance in that character in Frankfort Moore's little play at the Royalty Theatre. Now it was clear she could not be bemoaning her inability to represent the wit, the charm, and the alertness of the elder actress, for of what else was her own glorious vitality composed? And yet, if not, could she be so incredibly foolish as to be deploring her lack of physical resemblance to that dear woman of whom, even in those days of extravagant compliment, her fondest admirers could find nothing pleasing to say? I glanced at the young face nestled on its green pillow, and hazarded an answer which she might construe as she chose.

"If not, does it matter much?"

"Does it matter?" she echoed, and sat upright in her indignation, while a majestic humble-bee, which was sailing by, gave us to understand that she had its full sympathy. "Why, Kitty really lived! She might even have let me kiss her, perhaps, if she had not died a hundred years too soon. It isn't a question of it being my idea of the part; it is a question of whether I am Kitty, or whether I am not. You can play Portia, for instance, as badly as you please, and defend it as your conception of her. But if you play Queen Katharine, either you *are* the Queen, or you're a slander. You have no right to have an 'idea' of her. What you want is the truth. And the same with Kitty."

I apologised, and she lay down again, pillowing her head on her arms.

"I have lived with her for months," she said presently; "climbed with her as a little child on to the window-seat to watch, with awestruck eyes, as Mr. Wilks passed on his way to the theatre; trembled with her when she trembled while Colley Cibber heard us—heard *her*, I mean—recite an approval; danced for joy when she won her first round of applause; and nearly fainted with gratified pride when Dr. Johnson vowed he had never seen her excelled."

"Bravo! And the play?"

The play, it appeared, was emphatically "a dear." It was quite short, she told me, being just a twenty-minutes' wait at the King's Head before the arrival of the coach. A young provincial actor, one Jack Bates, gets into conversation with her without any idea who she is, and it is the fooling of him to the top of his bent, and the final discomfiture of this coxcomb, with which Kitty fills up the time.

"There is one speech," she said—"oh, a most glorious speech!—in which she describes the effect that Garrick has upon his audience. Listen. Bates has been jeering at Davy Garrick's Hamlet, and this is how I answer him: 'He is like a man in the presence of a ghost, at first, and then—then the ghost becomes more substantial than *he*. You hear a sudden cry; he stands transfixed with horror; you see he is not breathing, and you yourself cannot breathe. You feel his hand is on your heart. You are in the power of his grasp. There is a terrible pause; he draws his breath; he allows you to draw yours, but in that long silence you have been carried away to another world—you are in a place of ghosts, and there is nothing real of all that is about you. You have passed into a land of shadows, and you are aware of a shadow voice that can thrill a thousand men and women as though they were but one. *Angels and ministers of grace, defend us!* . . . Bah! What a fool I am! Imitate Mr. Garrick? He is inimitable. He is Hamlet!'"

She ended with a genuine sigh of admiration, and moved a pace or two to pluck some poppies, then turned, with a gay little laugh, to demand if it were not beautiful.

"Very," I agreed briefly, though possibly we meant different things; and then she mentioned that Jack Bates was to be played by Mr. Frank Fenton. It was an excessively difficult little part, since he was scored off throughout the play, but she was convinced he would be admirable. Did I recollect him?

Yes, I recollected. He is the man who, since that summer talk, has made a big success in the new piece at the Criterion, and who, owing to his inability to emulate Sir Boyle Roche's bird, has been forced to relinquish Bates to the charge of Mr. Henry Vibart.

Bates, it seemed, was to be in maroon and white, and Kitty gowned in forget-me-not blue, and— Ruthlessly beheading her gaudy poppies, she began tracing the fashion of it with the aid of their stalks, interrupting herself with many an explanatory pat, and "so!" The pattern thus evolved might have been that of a fairy hopscotch for all I could have vouched to the contrary; but evidently she believed me less dull than I proved, for with a contented "There, now I have told you all about it," she rose to go.

She had neared the cliff-side when it occurred to her to stop and call back a question—

"You know how anxious I am about it all. Now, whom do you imagine I most want Kitty to please?"

I swear I didn't, but a passing cloud had made the sunshine flicker, and she evidently thought I had presumed to smile.

"Certainly not!" she said, with great dignity; and, without more ado, began descending the winding path which led to the sands.

I rose in consternation, pleading for forgiveness, and that she would give me the answer to her own question.

She paused a moment in her descent, her chin on a level with the grass, and the sparkling sea as background to the relenting face.

"Well, I will tell you," she observed graciously. "It is——"

But she had moved downwards as she spoke, and the breezes had swept the words off her lips. So I do not know what she said.

THE LITTLE PLAY.

And now a word on the piece. Pretty, witty Kitty would have been delighted to act in it, for the original Kitty of "High Life Below Stairs" would have had an opportunity of showing nearly all the gifts that made her famous, and even a moment for showing the serious power which, like a Liston, she affected to possess, but did not exhibit quite successfully as Portia or Zara. Perhaps the ex-Miss Rafter would not have shown such awestruck admiration of the Garrick whom she alone of his company durst beard, as Miss Irene Vanbrugh was called upon to exhibit; but here I sound a note of involuntary criticism. Perhaps, too, she, in the days when Shakspeare was thoroughly mauled and mangled before deemed fit for the gentry, would hardly have seen the grotesque side of the comic new readings, for they made no bother about new or true readings in the days when Mistress Kitty struggled hard to show decent grief at the death of the Earl of Radnor, her connection by marriage, who left her fifty pounds.

The important point is that "Kitty Clive" is a merry play, which gives a clever, charming young actress a chance of showing how far she has developed her gifts. I do not think it can be said that Mr. Moore is quite brilliant, that he displays a very lively wit, or even reflects the obvious stroke of humour; but the piece is pleasant, and must have been entertaining when published in the *Pall Mall Magazine*. I am confident, however, that it is far pleasanter with Miss Irene as the actress who, at the age of seventy-three, found the acting of Mrs. Siddons "all truth and daylight," for Miss Vanbrugh plays with remarkable charm and vivacity.

NOTES FROM THE THEATRES.

There was something of the "sweet bells jangled out of tune" with the hundredth-night souvenir of "The Chili Widow," and it was wicked of the wags to shake the pretty collection of photographs so as to cause a distracting tintinnabulation while the capital farce was being played, and admirably played. Of course, there were tempting moments, such as when the "Rock" pulled down the bell-rope, or when the fascinating widow from Chili set all the bells a-ringing—in anticipation of her own wedding peal. The piece is funny enough to stand a second visit, which is saying a very great deal, and Mr. Bouchier has got together a remarkable company. Indeed, it is hard to say who deserves the palm, for the widow is fascinating, and her sister delightful, while Messrs. Arthur Bouchier, Blakeley, Elliot, Kinghorne, Hendrie, and Miss Kate Phillips act with remarkable skill.

The proverb "Out of the frying-pan into the fire" rarely has had a better illustration than at the Opéra Comique. "Nannie" was what one might call "four-ale" drama; "Madame" is ginger-beer. In fact, in Mr. Tanner's three-act farce there is a good deal of the ginger-beer—the glass bottle ginger-beer, and not the genuine, home-brewed tippie, for it had much sparkle and little flavour, and, after taking a prodigious quantity, one did not feel in the least exhilarated. Mr. Tanner is a remarkable man, for it is on record that he helped in the construction of "An Artist's Model." "Madame" is another case against the view that, to write for the stage, knowledge of it is the first quality, for we know that the author is a successful stage-manager, and yet "Madame" seems amateurish. It is painful to watch clever artists engaged in trying tasks, so I will be silent concerning the earnest efforts of the company that laboured to render "Madame" amusing.

There is nothing to compare with Savoy opera after all. The estrangement of its creators gave a fine opportunity for younger hands to enter the field; but no one has come forward fit to tie the latchet of their shoes, and Mr. Carte has fallen back on "The Mikado," while one of his provincial companies revived "Princess Ida" at the Theatre Métropole, Camberwell, last week. I have often thought that the companies Mr. Carte sends into the provinces excel the Savoy lot, and more than once I have expressed my surprise that his best comedian, Mr. George Thorne, should not have been brought up to town long ago. "Princess Ida" was produced nearly twelve years ago, but it has lost none of its charm; indeed, the subject-matter is possibly more up-to-date than ever. It is excellently interpreted. Miss Marguerite Breydel, as Ida, is one of the most promising prima donnas I have seen for a long time, although perhaps she just lacks some of that distinct enunciation which is so characteristic of Mr. Carte's people. Mr. Lawrence Gridley is capital as Hildebrand, while Mr. Robert Evett, Mr. Scott Russell, and Mr. Morand, as the three friends, and Mr. Farrow, Mr. Delplanque, and Mr. Bishop, as the three brothers, all show vocal and histrionic abilities of a high order. That clever comedian, Mr. H. A. Lytton, makes a most amusing Gama, and Miss Kate Talby is excellent as Lady Blanche. The chorus and the mounting are alike sufficient, and the opera will be welcomed by its old admirers, and by the younger generation to whom it is new. By the way, the opera was given by the students of the Guildhall School of Music on Monday.



MISS IRENE VANBRUGH AS KITTY CLIVE, AT THE ROYALTY.

"I am one Clive—Kitty Clive to those who love me."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WALERY, REGENT STREET, W.

SMALL TALK.

Colonel Carrington returned to Windsor Castle last week from Nice, where he had been despatched by the Queen to inspect the Château of Valrose, with a view to securing it for her Majesty's spring residence on the Continent. Colonel Carrington left directions for the various alterations which would have to be made, should the Queen finally decide to take the Château, including the erection of a lift, which would have to be run to the first floor, where her Majesty's own apartments are to be. A number of internal changes will also have to be made, while the furniture for the Queen's rooms—bedroom, dressing-room, and sitting-room—would all have to be sent direct from Windsor. M. Dossé, the Queen's courier, remains at Nice for further instructions.

The Prince and Princess of Wales will have only a small family-party at Sandringham for Christmas. There will be a shooting-party—the last of the season—during the next ten days. The Prince of Wales intends to make Sandringham his headquarters until the beginning of February, when he will come to town for the meeting of Parliament, and also to hold the first Levée of the season, which will be attended by the Ministers and the Diplomatic Corps. The Prince will stay at Marlborough House for about a fortnight, and, after a brief visit to the Queen at Osborne, he is then going to the Riviera for a few weeks, and intends, while in the South, to live principally on board his yacht *Britannia*, which he will join at Marseilles. His Royal Highness may very likely take a cruise in her along the Italian coast.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught and their children, the Duchess of Albany and her children, and the Princess Louise and Lord Lorne are to be the guests of the Queen at Osborne during the Christmas holidays, and the family party will be joined about New Year's Day by Prince and Princess Christian from Windsor. The annual shoot in the coverts at Osborne is to take place the latter part of next week, and a bag of about fifteen hundred pheasants is expected. The Osborne covers lie in and around the park, where the Queen drives nearly every day, and there is never any shooting on the estate except during the two or three days which her Majesty fixes for the regulation winter battue.

There are to be some tableaux and private theatricals in the Indian Room at Osborne the week after next, which will be arranged by Princess Louise and Princess Beatrice.

The Queen will probably hold a Court at Buckingham Palace at the end of February, for the reception of the Diplomatic Corps, the Ministers and ex-Ministers, and a limited number of the "high nobility." Invitations for this function will be issued by the Lord Chamberlain from a list which has been submitted to the Queen for her approval, and no name will be on it which has not been sanctioned by her Majesty. At this Court the Queen will receive all the company personally. This function will not interfere with the usual Drawing-Rooms, of which four are to be held next season at Buckingham Palace. Two of these will be held early in March, and the others, as at present arranged, in May.

The Duke and Duchess of Marlborough have been "punting," but within safe limits, at those dear, grim tables which occur incidentally among the lemon groves of Monaco. Already there is a goodly gathering of the well-known at Monte Carlo, where bright weather and a temperature of over sixty degrees in the open make tempting contrast to this climate of "shrewd" winds and concrete foggiess. The young Duchess's simple, unaffected manner makes an excellent impression on those new friends to whom her husband presents her. Great preparations are going on at Blenheim for the Christmas festivities, being conjointly superintended by Mrs. Vanderbilt and "Lilian Duchess," to whose instrumentality, indeed, the recent "match" may, by the way, be attributed.

The Duchess of Newcastle's November Tuesday evenings were markedly successful functions, so much so that it is intended to resume these pleasant gatherings in January. Such orderly method of entertaining is, indeed, so much pleasanter than the occasional squash to which most hostesses still adhere that it is surprising the custom of regularly recurring "evenings," as well as afternoons, does not grow. A few of the really sociable encourage it, but the majority prefer to get rid of social obligations in an occasional big event rather than the smaller and more intimate reunions where in frequent meetings people get beyond the first barriers of acquaintanceship. Countess Mary de Trobriand is an advocate of this latter philosophy, and her little dinners of ten, which take place every Saturday till May, are followed by a musical evening, at which all that is best of Paris society may be met. One only wishes the custom could be popularised over here, where there is so much entertaining but so little real sociability.

Lady Warwick took a Leamington penny-concert audience into her confidence the other evening. Lord Warwick was not there; he was staying at home to entertain a party of friends, and he reminded her, as she left the Castle, that "it was quite the acknowledged thing nowadays for the wife to go out and take the chair and for the husband to keep the house." When the audience laughed, one was uncomfortably insecure whether it was with or at her Ladyship. Anyway, the laughter did not disconcert the speaker, who boldly spoke out for herself and her hearers: "We need more pleasures in our lives. Busy men and weary, worried women need them. All take their pleasures and

relaxations in different ways." Her ladyship paused on the brink of her own statement of experience, but a friendly cheer encouraged her. "A ride across country or an hour at the piano, these," the Countess confided, "are my favourite relaxations."

Mr. Beit's new house in Park Lane has begun to be almost a habitation. A friendly light gleams from two or three of the upper windows when the evening sets in. Mr. Beit, by the way, is fond of an upper storey, and his own particular and favourite rooms will not be on the ground-floor—a ground-floor so extensive that the ground-rent alone is two thousand pounds a year. Indirectly, the Duke of Westminster has been a great gainer by the South African boom. The individuality which belongs to so many houses in Park Lane belongs also to this new house of Mr. Beit's. There is no other like it. It includes a sort of winter garden, which will add to its unique charm. Mr. Beit and his family do not expect to occupy the house till at least another six months have elapsed.

Just before the Infanta Eulalia left Paris for London, a reception was given in her honour by Mr. Sebastian Schlesinger, who is equally well known in London and New York society as in Paris, where he now, with his pretty daughter, entertains "*tout Paris*" at his *appartement* in the Boulevard Malesherbes. Mr. Schlesinger, who is a distinguished musical amateur, sang a couple of his own songs with good effect, and received the enthusiastic commendations of his royal guest, who waited to the end of a very brilliant musical programme. The Infanta wore dark green, and her well-known sapphires; Miss Schlesinger, a frock of fawn-coloured tulle and a jewelled belt; the Marquise Spinola, white velvet and diamonds, in which she looked perfectly "turned-out," as usual; and many other costumes worthy of record appeared, which it is not possible, however, to separately immortalise. It is not probable that Mr. Schlesinger will return to town before the season.

The accounts which reached her of the Crathie Church Bazaar—held, it will be remembered, under the most distinguished royal patronage—seem to have inspired the young Empress of Russia, who, notwithstanding late events, has thrown herself heartily into the great International Fête de Charité now being held in St. Petersburg. It is the first time that Russian royalties have taken any active part in the organisation of that essentially British product, a charity bazaar, and there is no doubt that this event will greatly add to the personal popularity of the young Czar and Czarina, who have placed the State apartments of the Hermitage Palace at the disposal of the committee. The bazaar resembles rather an international exhibition than an ordinary sale, for, in addition to three Russian departments, every European country is represented by a section. France, as might have been expected, has proved exceptionally generous in the matter of gifts—the President himself having sent a fine Sèvres vase.

The Czarina, who seems to have inherited much of her mother the Princess Alice's intelligent kindness of disposition, took care to provide a number of small-priced articles. And the children have not been forgotten. For their special delectation are to be found a huge Christmas-tree, a stall covered with toys of foreign manufacture—an excellent idea this—and a small artificial pond filled with gaily painted iron fishes, ready to be drawn this way or that by the magnets which line the banks.

Memoirs of the late Count Taaffe, which are about to be published by his son, are full of personal interest, and should prove exceptionally attractive in book form, for, besides a review of the Count's political career, these manuscripts are full of the familiar detail so acceptable to general readers, which records the variety and brilliant environments of a life lived "in the company of kings." Himself the most unostentatious and unassuming of men, Count Taaffe was familiarly believed to be the only one outside his immediate royal circle whom the Emperor addressed with the informal *Du*. His hats were a joke at Vienna, and the Count's flowing black hair further added to the strangeness of his appearance. By many, indeed, Count Taaffe was thought distinctly eccentric, but, apart from mere externals, no shrewder head or sounder heart existed in the realm of a Sovereign who valued him much, and, beyond doubt, misses him accordingly.

Torquay is very full for the winter season, and the clerical element is strong among the visitors. Among these, Dean Lake is a conspicuous and venerable figure.

The couple of millions left by Andrew Montagu pays over £160,000 as estate duty. Large as the sum is, Andrew Montagu would not grudge it, since it goes to add to the Budget glories of a Conservative and not a Liberal Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Who would have thought that the second greatest city of the Empire could not produce horses worthy to draw its Lord Mayor? Such, however, seems to be the case, and this, not by the jealous report of other cities, but by its own confession. Liverpool's City Council voted £550 the other day for a year's use of the horses supplied to its Lord Mayor by a London dealer. One patriotic Councillor "did not see why they should go to London for their horses." He was told at once by an alderman that, though they had in Liverpool some of the finest cart-horses, they could not say the same of their carriage-horses. Who should know if not an alderman? So the London contract was confirmed.

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The welcome revival of "The Mikado" at the Savoy, and that of "Princess Ida" at the Theatre Métropole, Camberwell, show clearly—if the fact needed to be demonstrated—that Gilbert-and-Sullivanism has not ceased to charm. With amateurs, the operas are, of course, as popular as ever. The other day, an excellent performance of "The Mikado" was given at Landport by the Portsmouth and Southsea Amateur Dramatic Society. Mr. Frank Tebbutt, who, if I mistake not, is a professional actor who was an infant prodigy in Mr. D'Oyly Carte's juvenile companies, was the Nanki-Poo, Dr. J. Kyffin was Ko-Ko, Lieutenant Hastings D'Oyly, R.N., Pooh-Bah, and Miss Florence Lincoln had the charming part of Yum-Yum.

One of the pleasant affairs of the week was the reception given at the Salle Érard by the lady professors of the Guildhall School of Music to Lady Barnby. A large number of her friends were present, musical notabilities, of course, being the most prominent. Lady Barnby looked charming in a gown of white silk chiné, with faint-hued roses, which set off her brunette beauty to perfection. Unfortunately, the magnificent bouquet of vividly coloured chrysanthemums which had been presented to her was almost fatal to the dress, which suggests that the opera-singers' method of buying bouquets for themselves has some wisdom in it.

represented the character in the provincial tour of Mr. Arthur Law's lively piece. Miss Hill looks charming, and blends the coquette and the romp very happily.

"Miss Galatea," successfully produced by Mr. William Greet's company at Stafford, is likely to be seen in town before long, with Miss Eweretta Lawrence in the principal part. Miss Lawrence's return to the London stage will be welcomed by many playgoers, for she is deservedly popular.

Throughout the kingdom the name of Pickford has become a household word, and once a year, for the benefit of the Clerks' Provident Fund connected with the firm, the playgoing public are permitted to see that the staff includes many members of dramatic and musical ability; and whether they are associated with the transmission of parcels, or the performance of tragedies, comedies, or variety plays, it may be safely said that they carry all before them. The production of "Fun on the Bristol" at St. George's Hall last Thursday week was a particularly ambitious undertaking, and great honour is due to them for the success that crowned their efforts. But though to a certain extent it was regarded as an amateur entertainment, the aid of several professional



"THE MIKADO," BY THE PORTSMOUTH AND SOUTHSEA AMATEUR DRAMATIC SOCIETY.

*"Art and Nature thus allied
Go to make a pretty bride."*

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WEST, SOUTHSEA.

Pretty Miss Barnby, of course, was with her mother, and looked as though she had just stepped from one of the canvases of Boucher. As might have been expected, excellent music was given in the charming oak-pannelled hall.

The very praiseworthy enterprise of Mr. Ernest Fowles in giving classical concerts whereat novelties in instrumental and vocal music are produced deserves greater appreciation from the public. At the third concert of the series in Queen's Hall there was an excellently varied programme, commencing with a fine rendering of Miss Agnes Zimmermann's Sonata in A minor by the composer and M. Saurel. Then Madame Isabel Fasset gave with adequate care two songs by Miss O'Leary. One, entitled "The Ears of Corn are Nodding," is particularly pleasing. Mr. Charles Ould played Hamish McCunn's three Romantic pieces, earning hearty applause. Miss Zimmermann gave Dr. Hubert Parry's splendid Sonata in A, and the concert concluded with a new Trio in D minor, which we owe to that promising young composer, Miss Ellicott, daughter of the Bishop of Gloucester. The work, especially its last movement, was delightfully interpreted. Mr. Waddington Cooke was, as usual, an efficient accompanist. The next concert will be on Friday.

The part of Nancy Roach, in the revival of "The New Boy," first played by Miss Lena Dene, is now in the hands of Miss Annie Hill, who

players was called into requisition. The clever Mr. Walter Scalby, who undertook the management of the piece, has probably figured as the quick-tempered Widow O'Brien more frequently than Mr. Sheridan himself; and his merry wife, Miss Agnes Taylor, who represented Dora, has made herself welcome in the chief provincial towns of England. Miss Nellie Clarke too, who played the nigger-girl, and Miss Julia Kent and Mr. Arthur Alexander, who sang and danced, are well known to suburban Londoners. Among the vocalists were Miss Emily Holt, Mr. George Sinclair, and Mr. Robert Miles—a very sweet tenor; while Mr. Harry Elliston, Mr. Percy Oblein, and Mr. Maitland Marler ably assisted Mr. Scalby to keep the audience amused. Altogether, a very pleasant evening was spent.

The very artistic drawings illustrating the Duchess of Cleveland's article on "Raby Castle," in the Christmas Number of the *Pall Mall Magazine*, are the work of Mr. Francis Masey, a very accomplished young architect, who has been for some years one of the best men in the office of Mr. Alfred Waterhouse. Mr. Masey is a capital "planner," an adroit drawer of buildings, and also a tasteful water-colour artist; and these are not his first contributions to the *Pall Mall Magazine*. He has done successful work in the competitions of the Royal Institute of British Architects, and has been a student at the Royal Academy. Shrewd and gifted, light-eyed and short-bearded, Francis Masey is a man likely to get on in his profession.

As winter approaches, when the sufferings of the poor are always most acute, appeals for the support of the charitable flow in on all sides.

But there is hardly any agency more deserving of sympathy than the London Schools Dinner Association. To do a long morning's work on a winter's day without any breakfast, and to go on to the afternoon's preparation after a very insufficient dinner, is the hard fate of hundreds of children attending our elementary schools. The provision of comfortable meals during the cold weather for some of these hungry little ones is the object of the Schools Dinner Association. A serious obstacle to the efficient working of the Association has hitherto been the want of any permanent fund on which to draw in cases of emergency. Subscriptions are apt to come in a little late: it is only after winter has set in in all its bitterness that the claims of the cold and hungry are remembered. The Association known as The Children's Salon has now come forward to supply this want. The Salon, which numbers some thousands of members, not only aims at encouraging among them the study of literature, music, and art, but also assists them to turn their work to account for the benefit of some charitable object. This year, the proceeds of the Salon's annual bazaar are to be devoted to the creation of an Emergency Fund for the Schools Dinner Association. The bazaar takes place on Saturday at Westminster Town Hall, and will be opened by Princess Christian.

A governor of a certain prison invested most of his money in the Liberator and lost every penny. To that very governor Jabez Balfour will be most probably confided, at any rate, for a time. Of course, the governor could desire nothing better, and perhaps the news will be welcomed by all other victims of the fraudulent financier. But I am not sure that the arrangement is a happy one, and already there is a certain feeling, especially at the Bar, that Balfour's sentence was a little more severe than it need have been.

It is said that, since the murder of his consort, the King of Corea—never a very valiant monarch—has become so unnerved and timid that a strange face, or the slightest variation of usual routine in the palace, throws him into paroxysms of alarm. A scientific friend, who had audience with his Majesty two months since under the auspices of a Russian diplomat, has written home that the Emperor, in a fever of conciliatory fervour, insisted on shaking hands with several strangers who were given audience at the same time. Their surprise was proportionate, for never before in his life had the King shaken hands with a visitor. Tai-Won-Kun, his father, is, on the other hand, as alert and keen-witted as the King is weak and nerveless, and, as a sample of the old fellow's autocratic barbarity, it is known that when 2000 Catholics refused to renounce their faith at his command during his Regency, Tai-Won-Kun chopped their heads off without further ado. This was at Seoul in 1860. The town, still a mere collection of hovels, is described by my far-off informant as "filthy and pestilential," and, from further unpublishable details, Corea would not seem to have greatly charmed his mental or physical olfactory senses.

The tide of fashion ebbs and flows, in an apparently causeless manner, to or from a certain place or person, and all the world runs after or away from, as the notion obtains. There is always a reason in such seeming inconsequence, too, if we can only get behind the scenes sufficiently, or in touch with those subterranean tides that turn the course of events. Something succeeds because the right men are at the wheel; something equally good or promising falls unreasonably flat because that little social cog which would keep the wheels in motion is unaccountably missing. And, as a theory inevitably requires an illustration, let me give the Piccadilly Club, which, having breasted the stream of custom with varying results, now rides easily on the very crest of the wave towards prosperity. It has become the smart thing, in fact, to dine there once a week or so, and one is sure to see "the world" well represented in both genders. The committee are wise among their generation in this respect, for a club, at once smart and social, where ladies can be received for "little dinners" or luncheon-parties, has been very much wanted, among other luxuries, in this part of town. But now, what with a strong hand and a *chef* once retained by royalty, there seems little wanting here below of mundane matter which the Piccadilly cannot offer.

The other evening we were all telling detective stories, and one of us related two which he said were told him by a well-known London detective, and both of which gave the laugh for the time being against the forces of law and order. A man suspected of coining went to a respectable manufacturer's and ordered a die for an Australian sovereign. The tradesman accepted the order, made an appointment for the delivery at his own place, and then communicated with Scotland Yard. At the

time appointed, a detective was concealed in the room, awaiting the finale. In some way or other, it is supposed, the coiner got wind of the plot. The hour came, so did the man, cool as a cucumber, and asked eagerly if his die was ready. Then the watching detective felt sure of his game. On the die being handed to him, he examined it closely, and at once exclaimed, "But where are the holes, man?" "What holes?" gasped the manufacturer. "Why, the holes for the links—I told you it was for sleeve-links I wanted them." For the time being the detective was baffled: there was no proof of fraudulent intent. This happened a few years ago, when there were large numbers of Australian sovereigns in circulation in this country.

The second story related how the same detective shadowed a gentleman who was "wanted" for the best part of a winter's day without result. The officer had disguised himself as a wretched-looking seller of groundsel, and fancied he was secure from detection by his much-desired victim. After several hours of fruitless labour, his quarry led him down Sackville Street—there, under a projecting lamp, the hunter saw the hunted stop and stealthily read a letter. Now he fancied his reward was near—he should learn something now. Suddenly the man turned round, tore up the letter, walked sharply back, and as he passed tossed the fragments of paper into the groundsel-seller's basket with a laugh. He had known the detective all the time.

The forged telegram case which came on for judgment recently recalls a social episode of similar nature, which, happily, escaped newspaper notoriety for those concerned, or the question of "nine months" might have been introduced into even more polite circles than those of "bookies" and bookmaking. Some seasons since, cards were sent out for a ball by a much-esteemed London hostess. One acquaintance was advisedly omitted, and resented the exclusion. On the afternoon of the forthcoming festivity telegrams flew about in all directions, postponing the dance to that day week, and, of five hundred invited, about a fifteenth appeared, to everybody's mystification and the ball-giver's despair. Gradually, the reason leaked out, but the mystery remained, until an incautious admission was followed by discovery. *Peccari* was then cried, perforce, but a penalty was meted out in an absolute injunction against appearing at Court. So the delinquent's artless ambition to be presented remains yet unsatisfied. From all and otherwise of which it may be gathered that forged telegrams, however exciting and effective, may have issues that recoil on the head of the sender.

Dumas *filis* had a great liking and respect for Loïe Fuller, the serpentine dancer, to whom the fickle Parisian public have remained faithful for so long. The author of "*La Dame aux Camélias*" always professed the greatest contempt for anything that savoured of a music-hall entertainment, but he made an exception in favour of *La Loïe*, and she was a frequent guest at his charming Marly villa. By the way, those who have not yet abandoned the old-fashioned form of exercise, walking, may be thoroughly recommended that section of Paris only known to fame as the *villeggiatura* of Dumas, Sardou, Gounod, and a host of other famous latter-day Frenchmen. The country round about Marly is extremely beautiful and full of historical associations. Within a walk of the pretty village is the Palace of Saint Germain, the resting-place for so many years of James II., Malmaison, where they still show you Napoleon the First's billiard-table, and Versailles.

A friend of mine who was at the Lyceum a few evenings ago informs me that some portions of the great "*Banished Scene*" have been reinstated. To the best of my belief, its strange excision had been commented on nowhere except in these columns, so the shade of Shakspeare should owe *The Sketch* a good turn for drawing public attention to the manner in which his tragedy was being treated, and *The Sketch* may congratulate itself on having done something for Lyceum theatre-goers. By the way, I hear that Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's new piece, now in rehearsal at Sir Henry Irving's theatre, is what is known in theatrical jargon as a "costume play." It is said also that Mr. Forbes Robertson will play the part of a minister of religion who, having loved "not wisely but too well," makes atonement for his offence by a confession in public. This smacks of that powerful novel "*The Silence of Dean Maitland*," or of a far more celebrated romance, Hawthorne's "*Scarlet Letter*," a book whose incidents are dramatic, and which yet does not lend itself to stage treatment. Mrs. Patrick Campbell, it is said, will play the heroine in this tale of woe. Perhaps rumour is wrong in crediting Mr. Jones's play with the incident I have referred to, but I am sure all playgoers will hope that the production of the piece in question will be a red-letter day for the talented actor-manager, whose business experience of "*Romeo and Juliet*" must have been, I fear, sadly disappointing.



A BLASÉ PLAYGOER.

I am glad that "The Benefit of the Doubt" is to have a longer run than was anticipated. By the way, Miss Eva Williams, who makes her appearance in the piece, has been on the stage for only four years, and, despite her success, she says she "did not adopt the stage as her profession because she loved it, but because painting did not pay, and being a governess was very hard work, and almost starvation." In '91 she "walked on" at the Adelphi, and, after becoming a little used to the footlights, she determined to get a better engagement, and, to that end, wrote to several managers, stating her accomplishments. It happened that Mr. Charles Hawtrey was putting on "Godpapa," and needed someone for a small German part in it, so, after an interview, she was promptly engaged. Besides that part, she was seen in first pieces, and also understudied Miss Lottie Venne, playing the title-rôle in "Jane" several times with success, a part she undertook with only two rehearsals. Then she was the Isabel in "Tom, Dick, and Harry," and, by the special request of Mr. Yardley, who had seen her in that part, she was engaged for "Mrs. Dexter," at the Strand. From there she went to the Opéra Comique, for the French maid in "A Society Butterfly," after which she entered upon her present engagement with Mr. Comyns Carr, to tour as Maud Fretwell, in "Sowing the Wind," but, seeing her play, her manager decided to bring her to town at once. Her first part at the Comedy was Mrs. Emmeline Jay, in "Delia Harding," and she also understudied and played Miss May Harvey's part in "A Leader of Men," before creating her late rôle of Mrs. Quinton Twelves, though she says the part she has enjoyed best (up to date) was the title-rôle in "Judith Shakespeare," and it was a great disappointment to her not to be able to accept the offer made her to repeat her success in the part at the Memorial performance at Stratford-on-Avon. Miss Williams is a Londoner by birth, but finished her education in Germany. She is a good linguist, as well as an accomplished artist, having studied painting and drawing for three years, passing several examinations and taking prizes at South Kensington. Since she has been on the stage she has studied dancing under Miss Brown and Mr. Crompton, and is an efficient skirt-dancer. She is now very fond of the stage, for she says she has been "so happy in all her theatres."

Those who believe that the old-fashioned love for melodrama has died out should spend an evening at the Princess's Theatre and see that sensational piece, "A Dark Secret." I looked in a few nights ago to see my old friend, Albert Gilmer, who rules the front of the house, and, after a chat with him and with Mr. Crowdy, who has taken over the theatre, I remained for a few minutes to see the show. The pit and gallery were crammed, and the audience was the most enthusiastic I have seen in my life. They cheered Miss Agnes Hewitt, they hissed and hooted Robert Pateman, the villain of the piece, until it seemed as though sentiment had run wild. I am glad to hear that at last the Princess's is looking up, and that prosperity—so long a stranger to the

place—has returned. There are arrangements for a special *matinée* on Boxing Day which should appeal powerfully to holiday-making lovers of sensation, while at Easter the new drama by "Dagonet" and Landeck is promised. Mr. Crowdy may fairly claim to have gauged the tastes of his audience.

A friend, who spends most of his time amidst people connected with the music-halls, came to me the other day full of a lately established society of writers and composers of songs for the variety stage, with the members of which he had been feasting. I was astonished to hear of the princely incomes which the more successful of this fraternity make, and still more to learn about the facility with which they do their work.

Some of these music-hall bards can knock off half-a-dozen songs in the course of an afternoon, and the composers are not less prolific. Of course, these ditties very rarely boast of anything like literary merit, and occasionally, in their treatment, they go "rather near the knuckle"; but still, I think, it can't be denied that they serve their purpose in suiting the diversion-seeking and not over-refined public for whom they are written. You may call it a knack, but the constant production of such effusions does really call for the exercise of a considerable amount of brain-power.

"The cry is, Still they come!" Besides the new theatres that are in course of construction at Stratford and Croydon, there is talk of yet another suburban house to be situated in the populous district of Fulham. The more the merrier; well managed, they ought all to be made to pay.

Another stage in the development of Trilby. That much-abused appellation is now being employed as a proper name, for I note that a young lady appearing on the provincial music-hall stage calls herself Madge Trilby.

Miss Sarah Thorne, who proudly claims to be the original pantomime tourist, starts her twenty-fifth annual this Christmas at Maidstone. The subject is "Robin Hood," and

one of the librettists is Mr. George Thorne, the principal comedian of one of Mr. D'Oyly Carte's provincial companies.

With reference to the clever paper costume that won the chief prize at the first of this season's Covent Garden balls, there has grown, I note, quite a large industry in America in the way of manufacturing paper articles. Chicago leads the van, and almost every conceivable garment, ornament, toy, or what not, can be contrived out of paper in artistic fashion. Our clever American cousins are turning to account in many ways the air-excluding properties of paper.

"Saved from the Sea" is just being produced at a Boston theatre, in succession to that "pre-natal influence" drama to which I referred some weeks ago. I think that Messrs. Shirley and Landeck's play should repeat its English success across the Atlantic.



MISS EVA WILLIAMS IN "THE BENEFIT OF THE DOUBT."

Photo by Hana, Strand.

"I've been to gay Patee," as Marie Lloyd would say, and I have returned, as I always do from the city of boulevards and cafés, with a view of life reconstructed on a more optimistic basis than when I left the fogs of dear old London Town. I travelled by Newhaven and Dieppe, as usual, for, if the Channel passage is longer than by Dover and Calais, it is not so likely to make one sick, while the route to Paris on the French side lies in a lovely country. Why Londoners don't more frequently go to Paris I don't know—it's so near in the matter of distance, so far in the matter of being the home of a people with a point of view and a mode of life so utterly different from our own. I have no knowledge of medicine, but, with due deference to the College of Physicians, I should prescribe for the worried man or woman as follows—

If you ever get down in the blues,
The best sort of cure you can choose
Is to pick up your traps,
And a novel perhaps,
And charter a hansom to cruise
To Victoria Station,
And book for the nation
Of light-hearted, gay Parley vous'.

The moment you enter the train
A load seems to roll off your brain,
In lazily dreaming
The while you are steaming
Away from the worry and strain;
The sight of "Newhaven"
In big letters graven
Expels all your previous pain.

Of course, you've the Channel to cross,
The steamer may tumble and toss,
Which doubtless is trying,
But just take to lying—
A rolling stone gathers no moss;
You soon will be landed,
And Custom-house branded—
Your troubles, in retrospect, dross.

And then you are whirled to Patee,
(Through a beautiful route) from the sea.
In a week you're as giddy
As a man as a middy,
As Trilby or Little Billee;
You sample each café,
Like jolly old Taffy,
Returning as bright as can be.

From the current number of the *Author* I learn that Mr. Stanley Weyman has joined the ranks of the dramatists, and that a play from his pen was performed at Clifton some three weeks ago. The name of the piece is "For the Cause," and in dialogue form it appeared in *Chapman's Magazine*. Presuming that the work possesses sufficient merit in its new shape, we shall probably see it in or near the Metropolis. Mr. Weyman should make a fine dramatist of the romantic order, if he can master and submit to the technicalities of the stage. Unfortunately, the man who lives to write books can seldom reconcile himself to the limitations of the theatre. His masterpiece may be the work of years, he may have thought out every situation, and brought about each climax through the carefully worked-out action of innumerable characters. When once he has to meet the shrewd manager, whose business faculties are developed to the detriment of his artistic sense, away go all the "fine shades" of thought and expression, the effects are as broad as the humour of "An Artist's Model," and the author sees his cherished foundation desecrated, and his long-drawn-out efforts sacrificed to commercial ends. Few good books make good plays, few good plays are readable. Dramatists lack a part of the literary faculty, and literary men seldom make satisfactory dramatists. The stage and the study have less in common than most people seem to imagine.

In making the foregoing remarks, I am thinking of a scene that occurred in the study of a certain patron of the Drama some years ago. I was present when a well-known novelist, who shall be nameless, brought his own adaptation of one of his most successful novels to read to a theatrical manager. The author was a man whose temperament was nervous to a surprising extent; the manager, a man practical to his finger-tips; while the patron of the Drama believed in both, and was ready to finance the piece. There had been preliminary discussions, and the necessity of conciseness had been impressed upon the would-be dramatist, who had cut down the book to the limits of its main idea. He started to read, and the manager to interrupt. The latter wanted to cut out all the flowers of speech, which he called "cackle" under his breath. To turn the incidents right round seemed an admirable step from the dramatic point of view, but the novelist would have none of it. I see him now, pale and trembling with excitement and disgust as all his art was turned and twisted into the most commercial shape. "Look here," said the manager at last, "I'll talk art with you to the public, but please recollect I'm a business man, and so are you. I'm a buyer, you a seller; and I can only touch marketable wares." This speech was fatal. The writer took his manuscripts from the table. "I am not a tradesman," he said coldly, and left the room. And yet I happen to know that this same man could drive a hard bargain with his publisher.

I have only one criticism to offer on the new issue of "Hazell's Annual." While numerous obscure prints are noticed, we turn up the letter "S" and look in vain for *The Sketch*. With this cardinal omission, what confidence can one have in the work as a whole?

RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

That there is a great deal of peculiar form shown in racing under National Hunt Rules cannot be denied, though I doubt if it is always right of losing gamblers to blame the jockeys who ride. A well-known knight of the pigskin once told me that jockeys do not disobey riding orders, except by accident, not once in a hundred mounts. If a jockey did disobey orders, he would get very little riding. "But," added my informant, "the people who have the giving of orders give some peculiar commands to jockeys at times, and, if you see the rider of the top-weight making all the running, that is as far as the horse can last: you can wager that he is obeying instructions. Indeed, I have known cases where jockeys have before mounting backed their own mounts; but they have known directly after receiving the final orders that their cash was hopelessly lost."

The opinion is general among those who have the best interests of steeplechasing at heart that the time has arrived when the National Hunt Committee should be done away with, and the Jockey Club be given control over racing under both sets of rules. Then, and only then, would the winter pastime flourish as it never flourished before, and—who knows?—perhaps owners like the Prince of Wales and Baron Hirsch, who, having owned jumpers, now confine their patronage to flat-races, would once more encourage a branch of sport that could do with their patronage. We want owners of position who do not bet heavily to assist in reviving the fallen fortunes of the jumping business.

The Prince of Wales, when he attends the Newmarket meeting, puts up at his lodgings in the Jockey Club rooms, but many of the leading owners keep up their own houses in the little town in Cambridgeshire. Lord Rosebery has a comfortable abode next door to the Waggon and Horses, and his lordship, even when the cares of the late Cabinet were



LORD ROSEBERY AT NEWMARKET.

Photo by Clarence Hailey, Newmarket.

upon his shoulders, used to often run down overnight, accompanied sometimes by Lord Russell of Killowen, to have a peep at Sir Visto and a chat with Mr. Matthew Dawson. Lord Rosebery, like Lord Russell, is an early riser, and he does not miss much of the morning work when at Newmarket. His lordship has an advantage over many owners, as he owns The Durdans, at Epsom, and when the local meetings are on he is to be seen out every morning at exercise time, especially if there is a Ladas or a Sir Visto on the scene. I have often wondered that Lord Rosebery has not had his horses trained at Epsom. Of course, his answer might be that he considers the gallops too rough there, but against this can be written down the fact that Lord Rosebery actually likes his foals at Mentmore to run about on rough ground, as he contends it helps to harden their feet. However, it must, in any case, be admitted that Matthew Dawson has served his lordship well, and I hope his new trainer, a son of Walters, of Pimperne, will be equally successful.

Plunger Benzon got through £250,000 in two years, mainly through card-playing, and not by racing. So it is with our amateur plungers of to-day. Some of them lose, in travelling down and back to a meeting, over solo and other card-games, more than they make by backing winners; and, if report speaks truly, one or two of the prominent backers have suffered largely of late by backing "talking horses" at boxing, rowing, and billiards. This, I should say, was absolutely the dearest way of buying one's experience, and I venture to predict that the young "sports" who try it will be of my opinion presently.

As I have before stated, Cathal is favourite for the Grand National on the Continental lists, and Count Schomberg is favourite for the Lincoln Handicap. The first-named will very likely get top-weight, and although I, for one, should much like to see the Hon. Reginald Ward ride the winner at Aintree, the horse must have improved, presumably, twenty-one pounds since last year to win. I hear the best reports of Redhill, who will be ridden by Mr. H. M. Ripley. Seeing that the entries will be to hand in a fortnight, speculators should defer their investments for a time.

“THE RIVALS,” AT THE COURT THEATRE.

Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



LYDIA (MISS NANCY NOEL).

Though there has been no little disagreement among the critics as to the merit of almost every performer in the present revival of Sheridan's famous comedy, there is something like unanimity of praise concerning the production as a whole. Discussion concerns chiefly the Mrs. Malaprop of Mrs. John Wood, in which everybody finds food for hearty laughter, at which the charge of over-modernity has been raised. After all, the actress, like all executants in art, must be judged by immediate effect; and, in her case, the immediate effect is a pleasure that no critic can control—a pleasure caused by a healthy, vigorous humour exercised in a really comic part. Mr. William Farren, on all hands, is deemed to be an admirable representative of Sir Anthony, and Mr. Sydney Brough is charming as his disobedient son. One hardly expects even so clever a man as Mr. Charles Sugden to render Faulkland amusing. Poor Mr. Arthur Williams has had a handsome trouncing for being funny rather after his own fashion than that of Bob Acres: one must admit that the charges of needless gagging and over-acting are not altogether ill-founded, but many “roars of laughter” may be pleaded in excuse. I have heard people say that the Sir Lucius of Mr. Brandon Thomas is the pick of the basket: without going so far, I must admit that it is a vastly clever piece of work. There are some other matters for praise in the handsomely mounted production of the apparently immortal work. Here is the cast—

Sir Anthony Absolute	MR. WILLIAM FARREN.
Captain Absolute	MR. SYDNEY BROUGH.
Faulkland	MR. CHARLES SUGDEN.
Bob Acres	MR. ARTHUR WILLIAMS.
Sir Lucius O'Trigger	MR. BRANDON THOMAS.
Fag	MR. H. NYE CHART.
David	MR. W. CHEESMAN.
Coachman	MR. W. H. QUINTON.
Servant	MR. F. LANE.
Boy	MASTER CHAPMAN.
Lydia Languish	MISS NANCY NOEL.
Julia Melville	MISS VIOLET RAYE.
Lucy	MISS MARIE HUDSPETH;
AND				
Mrs. Malaprop	MRS. JOHN WOOD.



“And a good husband to Mrs. Malaprop.”

"THE RIVALS," AT THE COURT THEATRE.

Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



SIR ANTHONY ABSOLUTE (MR. WILLIAM FARREN).

"Ah! now you talk sense."



BOB ACRES (MR. ARTHUR WILLIAMS), AND SIR LUCIUS O'TRIGGER (MR. BRANDON THOMAS).

"I think I'll stand edgeways."



SIR LUCIUS O'TRIGGER AND BOB ACRES.

"Face the gentleman so."



LYDIA AND CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE (MR. SYDNEY BROUGH).

"Let me plead for my reward."

"THE RIVALS," AT THE COURT THEATRE.

Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



SIR ANTHONY ABSOLUTE AND MRS. MALAPROP (MRS. JOHN WOOD).

"You have infinite trouble, Sir Anthony, in the affair."



LYDIA AND MRS. MALAPROP.

"My affluence over my niece is very small."



SIR LUCIUS O'TRIGGER AND MRS. MALAPROP.

"Those letters are mine."



SIR ANTHONY AND CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE.

"If I please you in this affair, 'tis all that I desire."

I.—COURTIN' ON CUTSHIN.

BY JOHN FOX, JUNIOR.

Hit was this way, stranger. When hit comes to handlin' a right peert gal Jeb Somers air about the porest man on Fryin' Pan, I reckon; an' Polly Ann Sturgill hav' got the vineg'rest tongue on Cutshin or any other crick.

So the boys over on Fryin' Pan made it up to git 'em together. Abe Shivers—you've heerd tell o' Abe—tol' Jeb that Polly Ann had seed him in Hazlan (which she hadn't, of co'se), an' had said p'int blank that he was the likeliest feller she'd seed in them mount'ins. An' he tol' Polly Ann that Jeb was ravin' crazy 'bout her. The pure misery of it made him plum' delirious, Abe said; an' 'f Polly Ann wanted to find her match fer language an' talkin' out peert—well, she jes' ought to strike Jeb Somers. Fact is, stranger, Jeb Somers air might' nigh a idgit. But Jeb 'lowed he'd rack right over on Cutshin an' set up with Polly Ann Sturgill; an' Abe tells Polly Ann the king bee air comin'. An' Polly Ann's cousin, Nance Osborn, comes over from Kingdom Come (whut runs into Hell-fer-Sartain) to stay all night an' see the fun.

I hain't been a-raftin' logs down to the settlemint's o' Kaintuck fer nigh on to twenty year fer nothin'. An' I know gallivantin' is diff'ent with us mount'in fellers an' you furriners, in the premises, anyways, as the lawyers up to couht says; though I reckon hit's purty much the same 'atter the premises is over. Whar you says "courtin'," now, we says "talkin' to." Sallie Spurlock over on Fryin' Pan is a-talkin' to Jim Howard now. Sallie's sister hain't niver talked to no man. An' whar you says "makin' a call on a young lady," we says "settin' up with a gal." An', stranger, we does it. We hain't got more 'n one room hardly ever in these mount'ins, an' we're jes' obleeged to set up to do any courtin' at all.

Wal, you go over to Sallie's to stay all night some time, an' purty soon attar supper Jim Howard comes in. The ole man and the ole woman goes to bed, and the chil'un an' you go to bed, an' ef you keeps one eye open, you'll see Jim's cheer an' Sallie's cheer a-movin' purty soon, till they gits plum' together. Then, stranger, hit begins. Now I want ye to understand that settin' up means business. We don't 'low no foolishness in these mount'ins, an' 'f two fellers happens to meet at the same house, they jes' makes the gal say which one she likes best, an' t'other one gits it. Wal, you'll see Jim put his arm 'round Sallie's neck an' whisper a long while—jes' so. Mebbe you've noticed whut fellers us mount'in folks air fer whisperin'. You've seed fellers a-whisperin' all over Hazlan on couht day, hain't ye? Ole Tom Perkins'll put 'is arm aroun' yo' neck an' whisper in yo' year ef he's ten mile out 'n the woods. I reckon thar's jes' so much devilmint a-goin' on in these mount'ins, folks is naturely afeerd to talk out loud.

Wal, Jim lets go, an' Sallie puts her arm aroun' Jim's neck an' whispers a long while—jes' so; an' 'f you happen to wake up anywhar to two o'clock in the mornin' you'll see jes' that a-goin' on. Brother, that's settin' up.

Wal, Jeb Somers, as I was a-sayin' in the premises, 'lowed he'd rack right over on Cutshin an' set up with Polly Ann comin' Christmas night. An' Abe tells Polly Ann Jeb says he aims to have her fer a Christmas gift afore mornin'. Polly Ann jes' sniffed sorter, but you know women folks air always mighty anxious jes' to see a feller anyways. 'f he's a-pinin' fer 'em. So Jeb come, an' Jeb was fixin' up now fittin' to kill. Jeb had his hair oiled down nice an' slick an' his mustache was jes' black as powder could make hit. Naturely hit was red, but a feller can't do nothin' in these mount'ins with a red mustache; an' Jeb had a big black ribbon tied in the butt o' the bigges' pistol Abe Shivers could borry fer him—hit was a badge o' death an' destruction to his enemies, Abe said, an' I tell ye Jeb did look like a man. He never opened his mouth attar he says howdy—Jeb never does say nothin'; Jeb air one o' them fellers whut hides thar lack o' brains by a-lookin' solemn and a-keepin' still; but thar don't nobody say much tell the ole folks are gone to bed, an' Polly Ann jes' 'lowed Jeb was a-waitin'. Fact is, stranger, Abe Shivers had got Jeb a leetle disguised by liquer, an' he did look fat an' sassy, ef he couldn't talk, a-settin' over in the corner a-plunkin' the banjer an' a-knockin' off "Sour-wood Mount'in" an' "Jinny git Aroun'" an' "Soap-suds Over the Fence." And when Jeb comes to—

I've got a gal at the head o' the holler,
Ho-dee-um-dee-edy-dahdy-dee,

he jes' turned one eye on Polly Ann an' then swings his chin aroun' as though he didn't give a cuss fer nothin'.

She won't come, an' I won't foller,
Ho-dee-um-dee-edy-dahdy-dee.

Wal, sir, Nance seed that Polly Ann was a-cyin' Jeb sort o' flustered like, an' she come might' nigh splittin' right thar an' a-sp'ilin' the fun, fer she knowed what a skeery fool Jeb was. An' when the ole folks goes to bed, Nance lays thar under a quilt a-watchin' an' a-listenin'. Wal, Jeb knowed the premises, and purty soon Nance heerd Jeb's cheer creak a leetle, an' she says, Jeb's a-comin', an' Jeb was; an' Polly Ann 'lowed Jeb was jes' a leetle too resolute an' quick like, an' she got her hand ready to give him one lick anyways fer bein' so brigaty. I don't know as she'd 'a' hit him more 'n once. Jeb had a farm, an' Polly Ann—wal, Polly Ann was a-gittin' along. But Polly Ann sot thar jes' as though she didn't know Jeb was a-comin', an' Jeb stopped once an' says—

"You hain't got nothin' agin' me, has ye?"

An' Polly Ann says, sorter quick, "Naw; ef I had, I'd push it."

Wal, Jeb mos' fell off his cheer, when, ef he hadn't been such a skeery idgit, he'd 'a' knowed that Polly Ann was pla'in' open an' shet a-biddin' fer him. But he sot thar like a knot on a log fer haff en hour, an' then he rickollected, I reckon, that Abe had tol' him Polly Ann was peppery an' he mustn't mind, fer Jeb begun a-movin' agin till he was slam bang agin' Polly Ann's cheer. An' thar he sot like a punkin, not sayin' a word nur doin' nothin'. An' while Polly Ann was wonderin' ef he was gone plum' crazy, blame me ef that durned fool didn't turn roun' to that peppery gal an' say, "Booh, Polly Ann!"

Wal, Nance had to stuff the bed-quilt in her mouth right thar to keep from hollerin' out loud. An' Jeb waits another half-hour an' Jeb says, "Ortern't I be killed?"

"Whut fer?" says Polly Ann, sorter quiet; but Polly Ann's hand was a-hanging' down by the cheer, jes' a-waitin' fer a job, and Nance seed the fingers a-twitchin'.

An' Jeb says, "Fer bein' so devilish."

Wal, brother, Nance snorted right out thar, an' Polly Ann Sturgill's hand jes' riz up once; an' I've heerd Jeb Somers say the next time he jumps out o' the Fryin' Pan he'll take hell-fire stid o' Cutshin fer a place to 'light.

II.—THROUGH THE GAP.

When thistles go adrift, the sun sets down the valley between the hills. When snow comes, it goes down behind the Cumberland, and streams through a great fissure that people call The Gap. Then the last light drenches the parson's cottage under Imboden Hill, and leaves an after-glow of glory on a majestic heap that lies against the East. Sometimes it spans the Gap with a rainbow.

Strange people and strange tales come through this Gap from the Kentucky Hills. Through it came these two, late one day—a man and a woman—afoot. I met them at the foot-bridge over Roaring Fork.

"Is thar a preacher anywhar aroun' hyeh?" he asked. I pointed to the cottage under Imboden Hill. The girl flushed slightly, and turned her head away with a rather unhappy smile. Without a word, the fellow led the way toward town. A moment more, and a half-breed Malungian passed me on the bridge, and followed them.

At dusk the next day I saw the mountaineer chopping wood at a shanty under a clump of rhododendron on the river-bank. The girl was cooking supper inside. The day following he was at work on the railroad, and on Sunday, after church, I saw the parson. The two had not been to him. Only that afternoon the mountaineer was on the bridge with a woman hideously rouged and with scarlet ribbons fluttering from her bonnet. Passing on by the shanty, I saw the Malungian talking to the girl. She apparently paid no heed to him until, just as he was moving away, he said something mockingly and with a nod of his head back toward the bridge. She did not look up even then, but her face got hard and white, and, looking back from the road, I saw her slipping through the bushes into the dry bed of the creek.

The two men were working side by side on the railroad when I saw them again, but on the first pay-day the doctor was called to attend the Malungian, whose head was split open with a shovel. I was one of two who went out to arrest his assailant, and I had no need to ask who he was. The mountaineer was a devil, the foreman said, and I had to club him with a pistol-butt before he would give in. He said he would get even with me; but they all say that, and I paid no attention to the threat. For a week he was kept in the calaboose, and when I passed the shanty, just after he was sent to the county seat for trial, I found it empty. The Malungian, too, was gone. Within a fortnight the mountaineer was in the door of the shanty again. Having no accuser, he had been discharged. He went back to his work, and if he opened his lips I never knew. Every day I saw him at work, and he never failed to give me a surly look. Every dusk I saw him in his doorway, waiting, and I could guess for what. It was easy to believe that the stern purpose in his face would make its way through space, and draw her to him again. And she did come back one day. I had just limped down the mountain with a sprained ankle. A crowd of women was gathered at the edge of the woods, looking with all their eyes to the shanty on the river-bank. The girl stood in the doorway. The mountaineer was coming back from work with his face down.

"He hain't seed her yit," said one. "He's goin' to kill her, shore. I tol' her he would. She said she reckon he would, but she didn't keer."

For a moment, I was paralysed by the tragedy at hand. She was in the door, looking at him, when he raised his head. For one moment he stood still, staring, and then he started toward her with a quickened step. I started too; then, every step a torture, and, as I limped ahead, she made a gesture of terror, and backed into the room before him. The door closed, and I listened for a pistol-shot and a scream. It must have been done with a knife, I thought, and quietly, for when I was within ten paces of the cabin he opened the door again. His face was very white; he held one hand behind him, and he was nervously fumbling at his chin with the other. As he stepped toward me, I caught the handle of a pistol in my side-pocket, and waited. He looked at me sharply.

"Did you say the preacher lived up thar?" he asked.

"Yes," I said, breathlessly.

In the doorway just then stood the girl, with a bonnet in her hand, and, at a nod from him, they started toward it up the hill. They came down again after a while, he stalking ahead, and she, after the mountain fashion, behind. And after this fashion I saw them, at sunset next day, pass over the bridge and into the mouth of the Gap whence they came. Through this Gap come strange people and strange tales from the Kentucky Hills. Over it, sometimes, is the span of a rainbow.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



HOUNSOM BYLES

[Drawn by Hounsom Byles.]

"WHY, CERTAINLY!"



A PERSONAL MATTER.

"Can yer tell me 'ow far it is to 'Andeross 'Ill, Guv'nor?"

"It's about three miles. Who do you want to see there?"

"I want to see myself there."



HE: I thought of writing to the *Times* about it.
SHE: Yes, why not? It's the silly season.



"How many do two and two make?"

"Six."

"You ignorant little beggar! Don't you know that two and two make four?"

"Oh yes! I *knew* that, but I thought you'd *beat me down* a bit."

MR. LAWRENCE D'ORSAY AND MISS MARIE DAGMAR.

The "Artist's Model" has gone on an American tour, and Mr. Charles Frohman, who is responsible for the American company, has specially engaged Mr. Lawrence D'Orsay to play his original part of Lord Thamesmead. Mrs. D'Orsay, known in the theatrical world as Miss



MR. LAWRENCE D'ORSAY.
Photo by Lombardi, Pall Mall East.

Marie Dagmar, was offered the part of Madame Amélie for the American tour, but the success of her new piece, "A Woman's Victory," will keep her in town.

Mr. D'Orsay has apparently made a special study of a type of character dear to novelists and playwrights, and sometimes found in real life. We have nearly all heard of, and may even have met, men who disguise under a somewhat *blasé* and foppish exterior a surprising amount of vigour and resource. They seldom speak, and never speak without saying something very much to the point. They are useful in time of emergency, but like posing when they have nothing better to do. They are invariably honest. For the rest, they are given to

masterly inactivity, and have usually more money than brains. To impersonate such a character requires a considerable amount of tact as well as study, and the success of Mr. D'Orsay in "An Artist's Model" and "A Gaiety Girl" gives interest to a summary of his theatrical experience.

He commenced by playing what the profession calls "utility" at the Marylebone Theatre some eighteen years ago, and gained further experience in the country. In 1883 he was to the fore at the Imperial Theatre, playing such parts as Captain Hawkesley, Alderman Ingot, and Digby Grant. Soon after this time he joined Miss Minnie Palmer, and in 1889 went to the Garrick, under the management of Mr. John Hare. For the next few years he was in evidence at *matinée* performances, and, in addition, appeared in "The Solicitor," "Diamond Dene," "Money" (revival), and "Miss Tomboy" (revival). Within the last few years he has played in "Ma Mie Rosette," "A Trip to Chicago," "A Gaiety Girl," and lastly, "An Artist's Model."

Miss Marie Dagmar has also been associated with the stage for some years, and has played with her husband at the old Philharmonic and Imperial Theatres. She played the part of Lottie in "The Two Roses" with great success, and, after going on tour with "The Barrister" and "Aunt Jack" companies, appeared under the Grace Hawthorne management as Marie Louise in "A Royal Divorce." Then, having amused all London with her clever impersonation of Atalanta Woodcock, the lady-journalist in "A Lucky Dog," Miss Dagmar determined to essay management. Accordingly, she took tours with "Betsy," "Jane," "A Lucky Dog," and other pieces, including her own arrangement of "East Lynne," which is less lugubrious than the better-known version. Miss Dagmar has been successful all through



MRS. D'ORSAY (MISS MARIE DAGMAR).
Photo by Lombardi, Pall Mall East.

her managerial career, and it is owing to the public appreciation of her latest play, "A Woman's Victory," that she will be unable to accompany her husband to America. The play in question is a melodrama, and the ability to play light comedy and leading melodramatic rôles goes to prove Miss Dagmar's versatility.

Mr. and Mrs. D'Orsay are very fond of dogs, and always have one or two as companions. For some years they have bred pugs, and some of the best of the puppies are in the possession of Mrs. John Hare, Mrs. Charles Cartwright, and Miss Minnie Palmer. Mr. D'Orsay tells a good story of how, in their early struggles, they were on tour with a bogus manager, and their Pomeranian dog, a great pet—since well known to many in the profession—was seized by the landlady in one town for rent. They had to leave the town with the rest of the company, "travelling on their luggage." During the following three days, Mr. D'Orsay raised enough money, with the aid of his "uncle," to meet the landlady's account, but, as he had not sufficient for railway fare, he had to walk sixteen miles or more back to the former town, get his dog, and play the same night, hungry and tired, but happy in the possession of his faithful dog Tim. He and his wife received, for their share of that night's takings, two-and-ninepence; but out of that the dog, at least, had a good supper.

NATURAL HISTORY FOR THE YOUNG.*

Mr. Scherren is a naturalist pre-eminently fitted for the task which he has undertaken. He is an enthusiast with a stern regard for facts, and his book will most assuredly awaken interest and quicken the powers of observation, not only in the youngsters, but in all who dip into its pages. As a severe test, we placed a copy of the book under notice within the reach of a middle-aged lady with no leaning towards natural history at all, but possessed of an intense hatred of the Darwinian theory, and she at once became absorbed in the very portion we expected her to skip, namely, that dealing with the monkeys, "because the stories were so good."

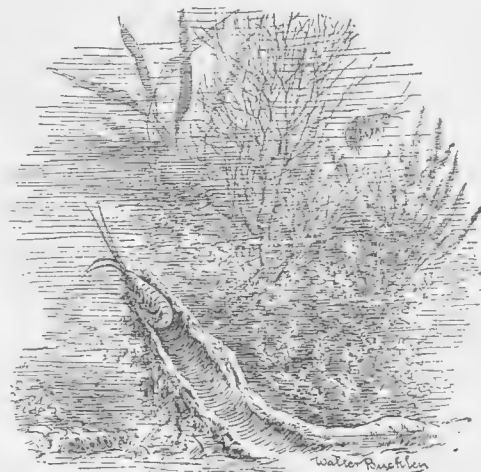
Natural history books, may, as a rule, be divided into two classes, the scientifically accurate and dry-as-dust, and the popular and often erroneous. Here, in Mr. Scherren's work, we get, instead of a perpetuation of picturesque myths, absurd measurements, and impossible performances, correct descriptions, interesting anecdotes, and the very latest results of zoological observation in every part of the world. In fact, "Popular History of Animals" is characterised by three most commendable features—it is accurate, it is interesting, and it is up to date. Many would-be naturalists shrink from the delightful study because of the fancied lack of facilities. What an utter mistake this is our author proves on page 349, in his wonderfully interesting account of a little tube-building shrimp which lived and had its happy being within the narrow glass walls of a four-ounce bottle. We can't all study lions in African forests or tigers in Indian jungles, but there is not a lad or lass of average intelligence in any part of the English-speaking world who could not, by the help of this book, do what some of our greatest naturalists living to-day are doing, namely, make some immensely interesting observations in their own back-garden.

The work is illustrated by thirteen coloured plates and a host of wood-engravings, many of which, in the bird section, are by the inimitable Thorburn. As an instance of the up-to-date character of the work, from an illustrated point of view, it is pleasant to note a picture representing our winter visitors, the gulls, to the Thames.

As a prize book it will make many a pair of happy eyes twinkle with delight, for the birds of the air, the beasts of the field, and the fishes of the deep on its gorgeous cover are a foretaste of its contents. In conclusion we would only add, Boys, go for Scherren's "Popular History of Animals." We would have given a king's ransom for such a book in those happy old days when we tickled trout, hunted for birds' nests, and kept a menagerie of our own.

Mrs. Charles Wyllie, who successfully sustained the part of Luciana at the most interesting performance of "The Comedy of Errors," in Gray's Inn Hall, is, of course, the wife of one well-known artist, and sister-in-law of another, Mr. W. L. Wyllie. She is not without some experience of the boards, for she has lately been studying at Margate under Miss Sarah Thorne. Some years ago she took part in a much-talked-of gavotte performed in public.

* "Popular History of Animals for Young People." By Henry Scherren, F.Z.S. London: Cassell and Co.



THE TUBE-BUILDING SHRIMP.

THE MINOR POET OF CRACKERS.

But she said, "It isn't Polar bears, or hot volcanic grottoes:
Only find out who it is that writes those lovely cracker mottoes."

—W. S. GILBERT.

I was ill at ease. Now, to be ill at ease at any time is not good, but at Christmas-time it is positively maddening—it is so unseasonable. The reason of my trouble was this. I had been reading "Bab Ballads" for the hundredth time, and had been overtaken by gnawing scepticism. Hitherto I had taken it for granted that Mr. Gilbert was right in attributing the authorship of Elvira's "lovely cracker mottoes" to the "gentle pastrycook" of his song. But now I could not believe the story. The growth of the accursed critical faculty denied me that consolation. No, plainly Mr. Gilbert's Ferdinando was wrong. He had been cozened by the gentle pizman. The pastrycook in the ballad "was plump and he was chubby." Of such are not those who write inspired verse. This point had escaped me. When I caught it, peace escaped me.

But I would, for pure Christmas charity, give Ferdinando a chance. Why not call on his pastrycook? The Bab ballad gives no address. It merely says that errant Ferdinando sank exhausted "at a pastrycook his doorway," but to the private inquiry agent all things are possible: so I engaged that human sleuthhound, and very shortly found "the pastrycook his doorway."

It was a false step. The artist in sugar only increased my misery.

"Do I write the mottoes?" he laughed. "Why, no, of course I don't."

"Then, pray tell me who does?"

The artist raised his eyebrows.

"Well," he said deprecatingly, "ah—um—that's rather a stiff question, isn't it?"

I agreed with him that it was stiff—too stiff for me; but *he* must be equal to the problem.

"Well," he replied, "you see, if it was anything about the crackers you wanted to know, there's lots of interesting things I could tell you; but about the writers of the mottoes there's positively nothing to say. The mottoes come from all over the kingdom—some from a vicar's wife, some from the editor of a great and successful London journal."

I wanted to whistle, but courtesy prevailed.

"I get shoals of mottoes," he went on, with increasing geniality, "and accept and reject just like an editor myself. As to the stories you hear about a permanent staff of writers—well, they're a *lecture* bit—exaggerated! Nobody could make a living at the business. Now, with the crackers it's different. There's any amount of interesting stuff to tell you, if you'd only time to stay and hear—"

But I had not time, so we shook hands cordially, and I quitted "that pastrycook his doorway."

Out I sped into the wintry night. Despair was in my heart. Faithful Ferdinando was wrong: who now might be believed? I saw it all, Ferdinando had prevaricated to prevent a summons for the plate of soup for which he forgot to pay. He had appeased the pizman by flattery. It was thrice cruel. Where now could I turn? Not to another pastrycook. They were all unpoetical alike. So I rushed blindly on.

A sudden shock pulled me up. I had bumped against a passer-by. He took my apologies graciously.

"But pray, sir," he said, "don't do that again, you've destroyed such a beauty; but there, I forgive you, you've just suggested another!"

He stood up in the lamplight, rapt, exalted, a man possessed of a great inspiration, and softly repeated, as if to himself—

"May Christmas-tide from you avert all shocks,
Except, of course, a thumping Christmas-box!"

"Eureka!" I roared, as the poet took out a note-book and jotted down his doggerel distich; "Eureka!"

The bard stared at me and smiled

"Eureka!" he echoed; "a difficult rhyme that. Let me see—ah! I have it, Zulieka—"

"I searched in vain for love, but cried 'Eureka!'
When to my arms I folded *thee*, Zulieka!"

That's a nice high-class one, now. We have all classes of them, you know; different boxes for a different public. I beg your pardon—you don't know; you couldn't, of course—excuse me for a moment."

Again the pencil recorded the couplet.

"Eureka!" I shouted again.

"Pardon me, sir; but I think that's worked out. Might I trouble you to suggest something else before we part—perhaps for ever. I'll be sorry to leave you," he sighed; "you've brought me luck."

"Perhaps," I suggested, "we could walk a little way together?"

"Ah! very good," he replied, without moving; "very good indeed. Let me see—"

"Whate'er befall us, storm or sunny weather,
Dear, let us tread the path of life together."

Ah! er—middle-class supper-party box, I think; that sort of thing helps John Henry to come to the point so nicely. Perhaps, sir, you'll go on?"

"Perhaps *you'll* go on," I replied.

"Certainly," he said.

I took his arm eagerly as we moved away.

"Tell me," I said, "are you really the—the—poet of the——?" I faltered with emotion.

"Hush!" he interrupted; "yes, I am the you describe. I, I only, am the poet of the"—he waved his hand to the stars. "To no living soul but yourself have I ever told my secret; but you are no ordinary man—you are an inspiration. Three couplets in three distinct styles in three minutes; it is great! Stay, did I note the last one?"

Having "found," he "made a note of."

"But here we are at my chambers," he exclaimed, snapping his note-book. "Come in, won't you, and have a weed?"

"As Pan brought music from his vocal reed,
Let us seek concord in the fragrant weed."

That's difficult to classify, now. Ah! I'll get the principal to bring out a new 'line'—he's mad about new 'lines'—a smoker's box, with prize cigars and smoking mottoes. Capital! Here's my room. Take a pew," he said, pulling a lounge up to the fire.

"Take a pew!" The phrase startled me. "What," I queried, "are you a St. Boniface man?"

"No," he replied, a little humbly; "Jaggers."

"Are you——?" I asked doubtfully. "I say, your name's not Morgan ap Gwyllym?"

"No; Jones."

"Not *the* Jones, the great Jones?"

"Who was he?"

"Why, Jones that used a tooth-brush, and got the Newdigate."

"The same," he answered modestly, glancing downwards and blowing a smoke ring.

"Jones," I said, "do you make a decent living at this?"

"Not bad," he replied. "You see these rooms; they came out of it."

The rooms were beautiful; the books were choice. Jones's attire was costly, though not expressed in fancy.

"I'm really reading for the Bar, you know," he continued, "and I mean to be called one day. But I've so much business, my law work gets on slowly." He sighed pensively.

"Have you a regular engagement?"

"Snakes, no! I work for anybody, and I don't stick entirely to the—the—you know—" Again that wave of the hand. "I'm open to do—you know, and so on, light verse for soap, or candles, or hairpins. All's fish that comes in my net."

"But you spoke of the 'principal'?"

"Oh! one firm pays me a handsome retainer to submit all ideas first to them, that's all. Ideas are the great thing. The—you know—is worked entirely on ideas. New lines must always be started—children's lines, grown-up people's, national suites, necromantic, Rosicrucian, all with appropriate verses. Here's a child's set, for instance, something, as the principal says, 'that will go straight to its little heart,' something about 'joys' and 'toys' and 'girls' and 'boys.' Then for older people you've prognostics and sentiment. Here's my album of selections."

"But, Jones, isn't all this rather contemptible? You have better gifts—"

"My dear man, it brings *money*!"

"At what rate, may I ask?"

"Well, prices vary. For a set of twelve ordinary mottoes for children, perhaps a guinea; but sometimes five have been given, for grown-up people's stuff."

"Jones," I said solemnly, "I owe you much. You have solved a problem that threatened to drive me mad, the problem of the authorship of these"—I tapped his album with my forefinger.

"So pleased, so pleased," he murmured, "to be the humble instrument of saving an old Camfordian's soul—I should say, mind—no matter, it's all one."

"Let me suggest, then," I answered, "that your own is in danger."

Jones stared.

"Yes," I insisted, "this stuff will kill the gifts you undeniably have, or had the reputation of having. The lines you made just now were not good. The *cæsura* was all wrong, the thought tame—"

"Not at all, dear boy, not at all! This is mere necessary pot-boiling. I keep my soul alive with higher work—on the same lines, curiously enough. There's poetry, the truest poetry, in this form of literature, only one daren't submit the best form of it to the—you know—manufacturers. It is the rough prop on which I support a higher art. Otherwise, the art and myself would starve together. Listen! Nobody knows of my pot-boiling but yourself. My other work is known, or soon will be. But it is so hard, so very hard, to find a publisher. My book is to be called 'The Bonbon Box.' In form, the verses resemble those you're so down upon, except that the versification is correct, but in spirit—ah! in spirit, I've been told they touch the spheres—almost. Shall I read you a few extracts?"

He fluttered a bundle of proof-sheets delicately.

"Would you mind letting me wait till the book appears?" I asked.

"You remember how Dr. Johnson objected to private views, and held that, when no one had seen a book beforehand, it appeared with greater 'bloom' upon it?"

"Ah! what a sweet idea of the Autocrat's!" sighed Jones. "Yes, you may wait, if you like. I don't want my work to lose its 'rare and delicate perfection,' as the introduction says. You'll have an early copy. But just listen to one little extract; it can do no harm." He read it, in spite of my protests.

I thanked Jones, and bade him good-night.

Strangely enough, although my problem is solved, I am still ill at ease, for I am afraid the good Jones will discover that the way to Parnassus does not lie through "that pastrycook his doorway."

THE ART OF THE DAY.



JANE HADING.—JULIUS ROLSHOVEN

ART NOTES.

There have been many generous artists who have been benefactors to the nation by the presentation of their works to public or national exhibitions; unfortunately, the benefit conferred is dependent not only upon the generosity of the artist, but also upon the excellence of the gift. But Mr. Watts, R.A., is entitled to our gratitude by reason of both qualities, the excess of his generosity and the sterling value of his work. His latest gift is one for which we all should be duly and thoroughly grateful. He has given to the Trustees of the National Portrait Gallery seventeen of his fine portraits of contemporary celebrities, which include such names as those of Matthew Arnold, Carlyle, Browning, Sir Charles Hallé, Rossetti, Lord Tennyson, Cardinal Manning, John Stuart Mill, Viscount Sherbrooke, Lord Shaftesbury, Sir Henry Taylor, and Thomas Wright, the philanthropist.

We referred recently to Mr. Dunthorne's lithographic exhibition, in which many artists of name and reputation showed us exactly what they could achieve in a given (and noble) medium. Of all the exhibitors, Mr. Whistler easily took the first place, and it is a most gratifying matter to record that at the Fine Art Society's there is now on show an

to be the master. Without ever straining his point illegitimately, he, nevertheless, in each particular instance, notes and succeeds in presenting just those essential differences of surface, of atmosphere, of sentiment, which make the separate scenes which he is engaged in depicting individual. A statue, a shattered building, a fair, a Parisian garden, an old bridge, a procession—each of these has, in Mr. Whistler's hands, its own significance and suggestiveness. Then there is the massing, the indication of surface, of solidity, of even airy nothing, which, in each case, get from him their own particular peculiarity. When Mr. Whistler chooses to draw the aspect of a certain scene upon a Sunday, he makes you aware that only on a Sunday could that scene wear that aspect. If he wishes to show you a ruin, he shows it you falling and unsure, with just that wavering and changing appearance of decay which a ruin should have. In fact, in the completion of these works, Mr. Whistler has shown us once more that he is an artist of the finest accomplishment, who always knows what he desires to do, and who—nearly always—does it.

Les Maîtres de l'Affiche is the title of a new publication, intended to appear monthly, devoted entirely to the honour and glory of the picture-poster—to such heights of attention has this nobly decorative art



AN ALTAR-PIECE OF PERUGINO'S IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

exhibition of the lithographs upon which that particular artist has been engaged for many years. The impression which this fine collection leaves upon the spectator is nothing but the same impression one had received before, but vastly heightened. Among all the living artists of this time, Mr. Whistler stands forward pre-eminently as one who never failed in the knowledge of the medium in which he happened to be working. If that medium was oil, he showed, at his best, the most delicately solid appreciation of the virtues of oil; and so on, with etching and wash, and through the gamut of pictorial possibilities, to lithography itself.

Let us freely grant that the origin of lithography was derived from the desire to reproduce as cheaply as might be many copies of the same drawing—nay, that had the cheaper forms of reproduction been known, they also would have supplanted lithography in its very infancy. That does not change the truth of this very interesting fact, that, by degrees, and in the hands of masters, this medium was capable of developing a sentiment all its own, and a beauty within its own limits of artistic usefulness. The result may be significantly proved by the Fine Art Society's Exhibition of Mr. Whistler's lithographs—the work of one among the greatest masters that the world has seen of this special branch of his art.

The first point to note in connection with this admirable collection is the infinite variety of character of which Mr. Whistler has proved himself

been promoted. Paris is, of course, the centre from which the magazine, if such it may be called, springs. "Les ravissantes productions," says the editor, "de tous ces artistes"—Chérêt, Steinlen, Gray, Caran d'Ache, Hardy, and others—"qui sont aujourd'hui vouées à la destruction, sous le vent et la pluie, ne méritent elles pas d'être fixées, conservées, et transmises? Tel est le but de la publication des *Maîtres de l'Affiche*." Accordingly, the first number contains charming reproductions in colour of works by Chérêt, H. T. Lautrec, Julius Price, and Dudley Hardy. Nothing could be more full of the modern spirit of smartness and swiftness.

Mr. Fred Hall, the serious Newlyn artist, has proved himself in recent days to be a very successful humorist. He has just issued (George Bell and Sons) two highly amusing little books of caricatures—"Amateur Photography: How to Become an Unsuccessful Amateur," and "Hoick-For'ard," a series of hunting-studies, partly in colour. Of the two, we incline to prefer his exposition of the woes of the photographer who exchanges a quantity of household gods for a plate Blankaster camera. His struggles with perspective are very comic—more so, perhaps, than the catastrophes into which he runs headlong upon his outdoor excursions. Mr. Hall's drawing is complete and distinguished, epithets which apply no less to the hunting-scenes than to the series upon photography in difficulties. We select particularly for praise "Gone to Sea at Porlock Weir" and "Stragglers," from the former scenes, which are, in fact, full of artistic feeling.

MODERN MEXICO

BY MORTIMER MENPES.

It is difficult for a painter, who is accustomed to use colour as his medium of expression, to record his sensations or impressions in the sober black and white of the writer. But a recent visit to the out-of-the-way districts of Mexico tempted me to begin a book which, however, absolutely refuses to be finished. The traveller who goes to the City of Mexico expecting to find local colour will be disappointed; capitals of all countries have cosmopolitan points in common, and one must go farther afield to get at the real traits and manners that are the inner characteristics of a nation.

I made my headquarters at the town of Tehuantepec, situated upon the bay which bears the same name. The genesis of the word is Aztec, and means, literally, "Hill of the Tiger's Rock." This is explained by an old and somewhat Munchausen-like legend, which avers that at one time the main peak of a range of hills round the town was infested by jaguars. The inhabitants appealed to a neighbouring tribe of Indians, and asked them to send wizards to rid them of the curse. The wizards (or "Nahuals," to be exact) called out of the sea a monstrous turtle, which, on arriving among the jaguars, so frightened them that they were immediately turned into stone. But the gods themselves were so disturbed by the appearance and ferocity



MARKET-PLACE, TEHUANTEPEC.



ZAPATECO WOMEN LEAVING CHURCH.

of the strange reptile, that they turned it into stone also, from motives of self-defence.

The main fact of the social life seems to be the importance of being a godfather. Parental influence is all very well, but the vicarious power of the sponsor is so great that nothing can be done without his consent. If you ask a father to allow you to marry his daughter, he in

is known as "aguardiente." Muzcal has a curiously sedative effect; everything becomes *couleur de rose*, and if you were to see a man murdered you would look on with an amused and tolerant smile.

Births and marriages are occasions for long debauches. On Nov. 1 of each year the Mexicans and Indians lay out spirits upon a table and open the doors and windows, in case the dead should be disposed to quench



MISS JESSIE CORRI AS PATATOUT, THE IMPERIAL BUGLER IN "THE OLD GUARD."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HENDERSON AND CO., ROCHDALE.

his turn is obliged to obtain the consent of the godfather and godmother. There are also financial responsibilities, but the post is one of great honour and gladly accepted by everyone.

All ceremonies are an excuse for promiscuous drinking. The popular beverage is muzcal, a concoction of the Mexican aloe. But the strongest beverage in the country is called "catalan," which must not be confounded with the catalan of Spain. This spirit is prepared from sugarcane, and is distilled and redistilled until it is almost pure alcohol—75 per cent. at least. There is also a milder form of this spirit, which

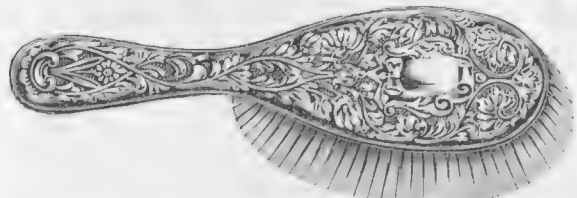
their thirst. Needless to say, the dead refrain, whereupon the relatives assemble on the following night and have a glorious time.

There is a railway at Tehuantepec. It was commenced in 1851, and at the present moment (when it is supposed to be finished) it has cost over forty million dollars. But rainy seasons, bad material, and no available ballast have militated against the success of the organisation, and extensive harbour works are necessary to make the scheme a success.

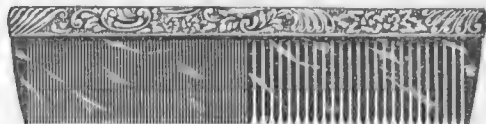
These remarks are merely rough impressions, and perhaps, after all, the book that refuses to be written may be coerced into existence.

Mappin & Webb's

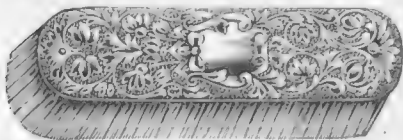
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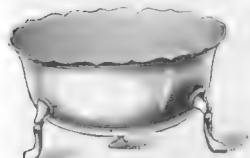
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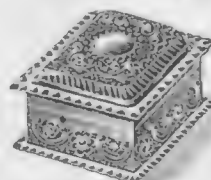
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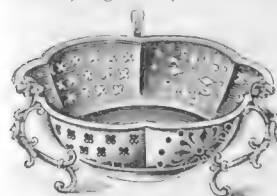
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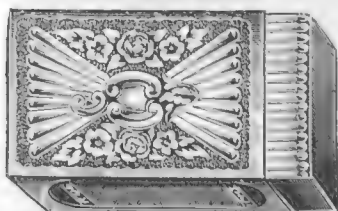
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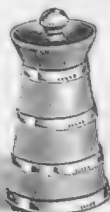
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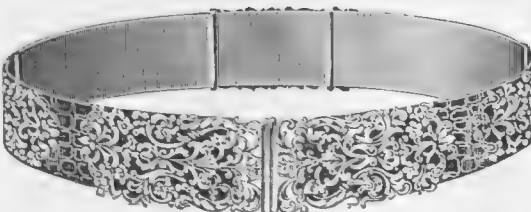
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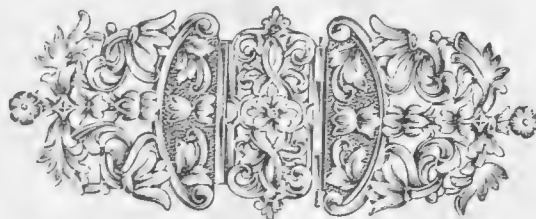
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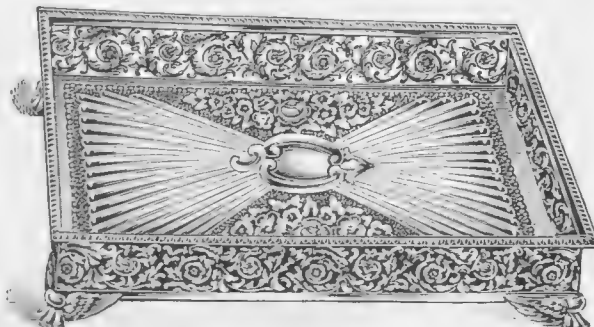
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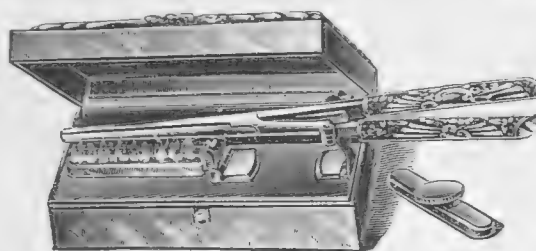
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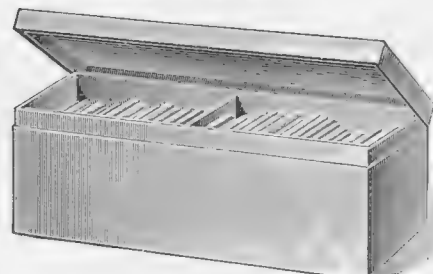
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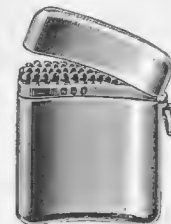
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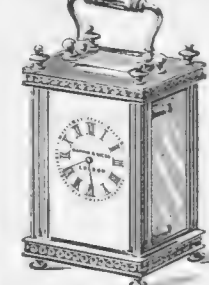
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A RUSSIAN PAINTER.

A CHAT WITH PRINCE TROUBETZKOY.

For a brief moment the photographer seemed about to oust the portrait-painter from his long-honoured place, and the reign of latter-day Holbeins, Reynoldses, Lawrencees, and Le Bruns gave way to that of Hollyers, Camerons, and Alice Hugheses. However, the tide has once more turned;



PRINCE TROUBETZKOY.

counterfeit presentments of great men stare from the walls of each picture-gallery, and every pretty woman rests unsatisfied until she has had her portrait painted by one or other of those artists who have had the good-fortune to obtain that measure of vogue which now spells success in each and every profession.

Prince Pierre Troubetzkoy was one of those (writes a representative of *The Sketch*) who first profited by the return of portraiture. His group of "Lady Eden and Children" at the Grafton Gallery attracted much notice

for its original treatment of a charming subject, and he is just starting for France in order to paint Lord Dufferin—a pleasant task, for her Majesty's Ambassador to Paris possesses not only the wit, but much of the delicacy of feature and expression of his Sheridan ancestors.

Prince Troubetzkoy's smart sitters are obliged to seek him out in his Kensington retreat, a studio built for use rather than for show. The young painter is a veritable colossus, and some dozen dumb-bells, weighing from twenty to a hundred pounds, though rolled carefully in one corner, give a glimpse of how your host occupies his leisure time. A clever study of a girl lying full-length on a grassy slope is opposite to a delightful but scarcely completed portrait of a young lady well known in London society; but the *atelier* is innocent of "properties," though it may be noted that everything, from the writing-desk half hidden behind a screen, to the roomy arm-chairs provided for the Prince's guests, is in perfect and unobtrusive taste.

"I hardly know," he replied, in answer to a question, "what to call myself; for, though my father was, of course, a Russian, my mother was an American, and I was born in Italy. Both my parents were devoted to art, and I cannot remember a time when I did not draw. My first



THE PORTRAIT OF A LADY.—PRINCE TROUBETZKOY.

serious piece of work," he concluded, laughing, "was a portrait of myself done in oils, and with the aid of a looking-glass, when I was nine years old."

"And did you study in Italy?"

"Well, I must make you a confession. I have not studied at all—that is, in the ordinary sense of the word. I was taught drawing from the age of nine to twelve, but I have never spent any time in a studio, or worked with any master."

"And are you satisfied or sorry that such was the case?" I asked, with considerable curiosity.

"It is impossible for me to answer such a question. I should certainly not care to lay down any rules concerning artistic tuition; so much depends on the temperament of the student, and on the circumstances of his life. I need hardly tell you that I worked a great deal by myself, but I am absolutely ignorant of regular studio drudgery. I may add that my brother, Paul Troubetzkoy, one of the most rising sculptors in modern Italy, also learnt all he knows without a master."

"And what led you to try your fortune in England?"

"Once I made up my mind to become an artist in real earnest, I discovered there was no opening in Italy. I thought of Paris, for, as you know, the Russian boom began there four years ago, but I did not wish to owe anything to adventitious circumstances, and also I believed that success, if acquired at all, would be more permanent in England than in France. I came here," he added meditatively, "without friends, without money, without introductions, and knowing little or nothing of the language. Shortly after my arrival, I sent an 'Open-Air Study of a Girl,' painted by me in Italy, to the New English Art Club, where it attracted some notice, and I soon made friends, who were very kind and helpful. One sitter brings another, and so, *de fil en aiguille*, I formed a connection, and now I have more work than I can do. By the way, one commission which gave me great pleasure was that of painting a portrait of Mr. Gladstone for Mr. Knowles. The 'Grand Old Man' was preparing at that time the draft of the Home Rule Bill, and I used to sketch and paint him as he sat working and reading in his study."

"And how long does it take you to paint a portrait?"

"It varies very much, but I should say an average of twenty to thirty sittings. I always do a number of preliminary studies before settling the final pose of my sitter. Some people are easier to paint than others. The more one knows of a person, the more difficult it is to transfer his or her personality on to canvas."

And then, with a pride pleasant to see, Prince Troubetzkoy told me something of his brother Paul's remarkable artistic career, and expressed a hope that he also would at last find his way to the hospitable shores of *la perfide Albion*.

THE GALLERY-BOY.

We were recently discussing the humour of gallery-boys in general and the Irish variety in particular, and I am indebted to Mr. Sims Reeves for a funny story concerning one Barry, an Irish actor, whom the great singer met in Dublin. He was playing the modest part of walking-gentleman in a certain piece, and appeared on the first night in a pair of spotless white trousers. The play was a success, and remained in possession of the boards for some weeks. Meanwhile, the sometime white "ducks" were becoming dingy-hued, and, at last, on a Saturday night, the actor rolled them up and gave them to the stage charwoman, with instructions to bring them back washed on the Monday evening. When Barry reached the theatre on the Monday night, he sent for the woman, who confessed, with many tears, that she had forgotten to wash them, and had brought them back in their old condition. There was not even time enough to quarrel in: the indignant actor took the garment, which was now crumpled as well as soiled. He went on the stage, and immediately imagined that everybody was looking at him. Frightened by his own suspicions, he kept in the background as much as possible, pulled his coat down as far as it would go, and altogether performed so many frightened antics that he attracted the attention of the gallery. Almost immediately a shrill voice cried out, "Barry, me bhoy! Barry! how long since your ducks took to the wather?" Needless to say that the impromptu brought down the house.

Mr. Sims Reeves has a fund of stories about the Irish gallery-boy, whose humour he thoroughly appreciates, and he tells these yarns with great spirit and an excellent brogue. He was once, in Dublin, playing Faust to the Marguerite of a well-known opera-singer, who had contracted the bad habit of recognising her friends in the front of the house, and breaking the harmony of the performance by openly acknowledging their presence. Of course, no true artist can stand such a thing, and, at last, Mr. Sims Reeves became really angry, and protested—*sotto voce*, of course. Unfortunately, neither the fault nor the protest had passed unnoticed by the gallery, and one of the occupants of the celestial regions called out, "Give her a kiss, and make it up!" Had the rest of the audience noticed the incidents leading to the remark, the performance would, in all probability, have come to a momentary close. Luckily it was only the artists themselves who shared the secret, and, with a very great effort, they managed to keep their countenances straight. On another occasion, the great tenor was singing at a concert given in Cork, and he resolutely resisted the demand for an encore. For a few moments there was a perfect uproar, and it was only when it died away that people could be heard. From the corner of the stage, or platform, Sims Reeves heard the voice of one malcontent crying from above, "Sims Reeves, me bhoy! if ye don't come, when ye do come we'll send ye back again!" Even this terrible threat was without avail, but the singer has not forgotten it.

B.

NOTE.

The Sketch will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the "Illustrated London News" Offices, World Building, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

The tail-twisting season for the British Lion has set in across the Atlantic, and once more the "unbridled greed" of that rapacious beast is being denounced as if he were a popular novelist intent on his lawful royalties. Bombastes calls to Bobadil, and Lodge answers Livingstone; war is declared daily—in print—and serried columns of type and headlines of battle are hurled against the rash Briton; and all on account of Venezuela and the Monroe Doctrine. Meanwhile, everybody knows pretty well that the matter is not worth quarrelling over, and that the solution will not be war, whatever else it may be?

What are the facts of the case? Apparently, so few as to prevent any certain determination. British Guiana was ceded by the Dutch in 1814, and Venezuela became independent of Spain not long after. Hence England was heir to all Dutch and Venezuela to all Spanish rights. The Dutch had, beyond doubt, settled on the Essequibo River, and, therefore, presumably occupied both banks of that stream. For some time there was an unappropriated belt between the two states. Eventually, however, disputes arose. Venezuela claimed right down to the Essequibo, which was absurd, as the Spaniards had never effectively occupied that river or its banks. Finding that Venezuela would not come to terms, and could not fight, a British governor drew a more or less arbitrary boundary, and all land within that "Schomburgk Line" has been regarded as British for fifty years, and not practically disputed by the Venezuelans, however they may offer theoretical protests.

The rest of the disputed territory was left, by agreement, as a "No Man's Land." But, as it turned out to be auriferous, Venezuela proceeded to grant concessions within its limits, some of them to citizens of the United States, with the obvious intention of enlisting that country on the Venezuelan side. These concessions Great Britain has refused to recognise. Hence come quarrels, alarms, and excursions, in one of which certain Venezuelans proceeded to cross the arbitrary but long-occupied boundary of Guiana, and maltreat certain British subjects, for which indemnity is now claimed.

The main dispute is one of incessant occurrence whenever an uninhabited or uncivilised country is colonised or occupied by two States. At first, the settlements are small and isolated, and can spread out with no fear of clashing. But gradually they approach nearer, and occasionally find a particularly desirable district midway between their colonies. There is then no reason in the nature of things why one or the other should possess the disputed ground. As a general rule, in the absence of arbitration, the party best able to colonise or develop the land gets it *de facto*, if not *de jure*. How such a principle would decide the dispute between England and Venezuela it is hardly necessary to state. But here come in the Lodges and the Livingstones, and their reading of the Monroe Doctrine.

In the hands of these ingenious publicists, the doctrine becomes the traditional policy not only of the United States, but of most civilised and uncivilised states, though it has not always been formulated with such engaging frankness. It is merely the old doctrine of "Heads I win, tails you lose": it assumes that the United States, and any tag-rag of South or Central American states that the States may choose to protect, have only rights, and that Great Britain, British Guiana, and other patches coloured red on the map have nothing but duties—the chief of which is that of disappearance. Arbitration, in the view of this school of politicians, is to be resorted to on condition that it puts Great Britain always in the wrong; when—as in the late Behring Sea Award—it goes in favour of that Power, then the trivial sum awarded by the arbitrators is to be withheld, and the award itself upset by some Senator Morgan, of Welsh name and Welsher policy.

Now all this confusion must be deplorable to a self-respecting citizen of any state. What has the Monroe Doctrine to do in this dispute? There is a very similar case pending between French Guiana and Brazil. The boundary there is uncertain, and a Brazilian filibuster has been taking possession of the disputed lands. Yet we hear not that Lodge and Livingstone have invoked the Monroe anathema against France, even though the filibuster in question has heroically vindicated his rights by half-roasting a French negro. Can it be that the Monroe Doctrine—which, in its original form, was the result of English quite as much as of American policy—is now used merely as a means of giving some appearance of justice and tradition to the unreasoning hatred of England prevailing in a certain section of American voters?

And all this sound and fury signifies so very little. President Cleveland's Message is as harmless in substance as it is menacing in manner. It threatens high displeasure supposing England should do

what England does not propose to do, namely, seize the disputed territory by force, and the only point on which objection can be taken is when the President insists that in the arbitration the Schomburgk line should be ignored, and a fifty-years' prescription go for nothing. If we begin to rake up the justice of ancient transactions, how about Texas and California?

For, whether owing to the Monroe Doctrine or not, the fact remains that, acquisitive as England undoubtedly is and has been, her American possessions remain in essentials what they were in 1815. The United States have doubled their territory by purchase and conquest; Great Britain has merely defined her boundaries. The rapacious British Lion has gorged India, Further and Hither; he has effectually dispossessed his Afghan relative; he has colonised everywhere; it is only in America that he has taken nothing of importance. And the Power that makes accusations of greed and encroachment against Britain is precisely the one that has annexed territory worth as much as all the British possessions put together! No, it won't do.

Cease to grind your barrel-organ,
Lodge and Livingstone and Morgan;
Drop the high bombastic tone,
Morgan, Lodge, and Livingstone;
For we know your little dodge,
Morgan, Livingstone, and Lodge. MARMITON.

MORE ABOUT CHRISTMAS NUMBERS.

SECOND NOTICE.

Mr. John Latey has placed before readers of the *Penny Illustrated Paper* a military number, entitled "Red, White, and Blue," which does excellent duty as a Christmas Annual. Lieutenant-Colonel Newnham-Davis contributes a true story of the Zulu War, and other good men and true like Alfred Alison, Richard Butler, H. Chance-Newton, and Byron Webber do their best to keep up the standard of general excellence. Sir John Gilbert, W. H. Overend, and Louis Edwards figure prominently among the artists, so that, altogether, "Red, White, and Blue" may be written down a big success.

The *Album* gives a double number, with presentation-plate and supplement, and, though the quality is no better than usual, it is because the usual quality is unsurpassable. Such printing and "get-up" as the *Album* has always shown point out the high-water mark of excellence, while the matter, literary and artistic, is in keeping with the general appearance. Stanley Weyman and Barry Pain are the best-known literary contributors, while mention must be made of a useful almanack for 1896, and some delightful coloured plates of flowers.

The proprietors of the *Illustrated London News* have not forgotten the requirements of the children, and have published an annual, called *Father Christmas*, for the special benefit of the little ones. There are many dainty photos by Mendelssohn and others, stories by Mrs. Molesworth and Clara Savile-Clarke, and other contributions well in keeping with the requirements of the children and the season of the year.

The Christmas Number of the *World* starts with a thoroughly satirical discourse on things in general, in form of adaptations of music-hall ditties, sung by prominent people. It is cleverly written and commendably short. There is a double-page supplement, "The World on Wheels," depicting all sorts and conditions of men and women who are supposed to have succumbed to the cycling craze. The stories are splendid, and the number is well worth the price asked, if only for a single contribution by Owen Seaman, entitled "The Battle of the Bays," a clever burlesque of the style of our best-known poets.

The Marquis of Lorne contributes the first story to the Christmas Number of *St. James's Budget*. Of the regular staff, Mrs. Lymn Lynton and W. Pett-Ridge are well to the fore; there are several good illustrations, and the price has not been raised.

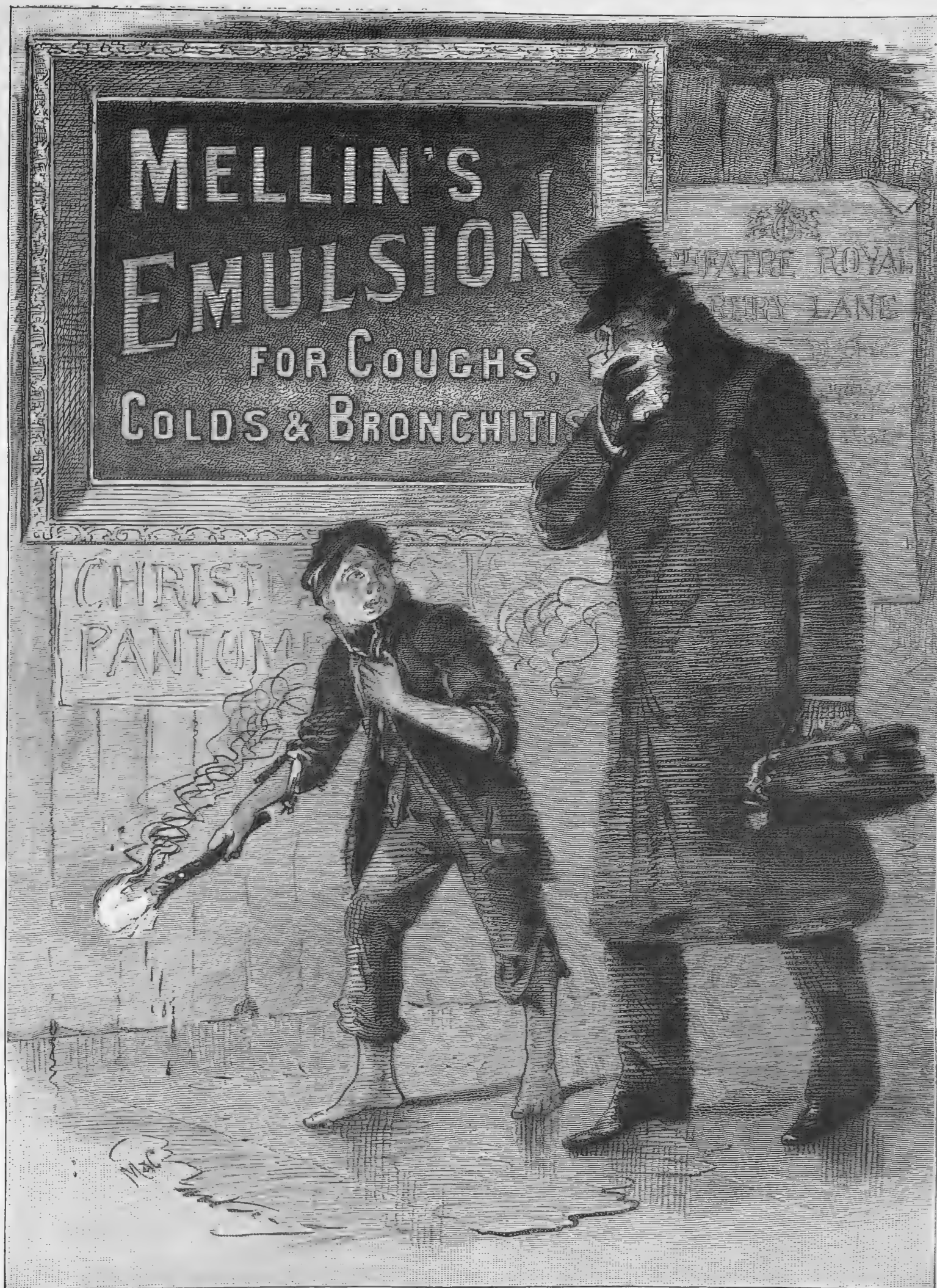
Turning to a very old friend of children, I am afraid that the proprietors of *Chatterbox* cannot be congratulated on their coloured supplements, which, apart from drawing, are very crude in colouring. But for this defect, the number is a good one.

Messrs. Sampson Low and Co. publish an excellent annual, with two coloured plates; a tale of Exmoor, by R. D. Blackmore; a story of the sea, by Clark Russell; and other contributions by S. R. Crockett, Jules Claretie, and others. There is an excess of colour-printing that would be better for a more careful arrangement.

"Holly Leaves" is the title of the Christmas Number of the *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*. The cover is an excellent specimen of designing and colouring, and the large coloured supplement, "Bound for Trafalgar's Bay," is worthy of a frame. The stories are in the sporting style, and are, as usual, very good, and thoroughly in keeping with the scheme of the paper.

The *Lady* appears in Christmas form under the appropriate title of "Snowflakes." The number is beautifully printed and produced, so that the tales are all easy reading. Herr Meyer Lutz contributes a minuet, and Grant Allen, Adeline Sergeant, Baring-Gould, and Robert Barr render excellent assistance to the production of a capital number.

The *Bohemian* publishes a double number, to which Phil May, Joseph Hutton, Helen Mathers, W. Clark Russell, C. W. Forward, and others contribute.



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THE WORLD OF SPORT.

FOOTBALL.

The Rugby 'Varsity battle is over, and Cambridge are the winners. For this relief let us feel grateful; the circumstances under which the match was won we must all regret. As a matter of fact, the game should never have been played, as it was, last Wednesday. It is safe to say that not a single spectator could give a veracious story of the play, for the fog, a veritable "London particular," wrapped the warriors and the goal-posts in one opaque shroud, noisome and irritating.

For once in a way the favourites won. Had they failed the shock would really have been more severe than any of its kind. I know there are some who forecasted victory for the Dark Blues. They were the ultra-clever people, the minority which affects to smile scornfully at

public form, and which, in these contests, pins its faith to a "certain uncertainty." How anybody could logically make Cambridge out losers of this twenty-third anniversary puzzles me, as, I am sure, it puzzles them.

And yet, after all this, the broad fact remains that Cambridge won by a single goal to nothing, a margin which would hardly seem to justify the unbounded confidence expressed in the ability of the Light Blues. As usual, however, one should have been present to form an opinion. It is true he would not have seen much on Wednesday, but occasional glimpses tended to show that the Cantabs were having all the best of the play, and they were, in reality, dreadfully unlucky to miss scoring more than once.

It was, of course, forward where the

chief superiority of Cambridge was manifest. That Light Blue pack pushed the Oxonian eight about, and buffeted them to their hearts' content. They were heavier, stronger, and had more combination. So much was pressured. What had not been popularly expected was the undeniable smartness of the Cambridge backs, all of whom shaped confidently and well. On a clear day, and under congenial conditions, the Cantabs would have won easily. As it was, they proved successful by a rather deceptive margin, and despite the plucky show of the Oxonians.

Mr. E. R. Balfour, whose portrait appears above, is this year's captain of the Oxford University fifteen, and is a splendid specimen of muscular humanity. Although only twenty-one years of age, Mr. Balfour stands 6 ft. 2½ in., while, in football costume, he pulls down the beam at 13 st. 10 lb. He was born in Denbighshire, in North Wales, though all his people have been Scottish, while he himself has lived in Scotland all his life.

Mr. Balfour began his education at Repton School, though, as only Association is played there, he did not touch a Rugby ball till he went to Edinburgh Academy, where he was in the school team for three years. He proceeded on to Oxford in October 1893, and managed to get his Blue in his first term, an honour, for him, already twice repeated. He has played in no representative match, his absence from the North and South tussles being due to his regular return to Scotland to play there. Twice did he figure in the trial International over the Border, but he has been consistently unlucky in the matter of an international cap. Mr. Balfour was captain of the Repton School cricket eleven, but he has not wielded a willow since going to Oxford. Football has interfered also with his rowing. He has figured in the college eight for the last two years and in trial eights this year. Mr. Balfour's future is very bright.

Time goes on and changes, and the table of the First League changes with it. Really I am getting quite tired of repeating that the situation is as puzzling as ever. Nobody knows which team is going to win the Championship; in fact, everyone seems chary of committing himself further. The personnel of the favourites is continually undergoing alteration. At the present time the sides with the best chances would appear to be Derby County, Aston Villa, and Everton; but which of the

three is destined to shoot to the front, or whether, after all, another club will not come up to rout them all, is a prophecy which would puzzle our old friend Elijah.

In the Second Division of the Football League matters are almost as puzzling. Here the fight is apparently limited to two teams, Manchester City and the Burton Wanderers, and, though the Mancunians possess an actual lead, I strongly doubt, after all, whether they will finish up on top. Manchester City are very smart at winning home matches; so are the Burton Wanderers. Manchester, however, can't win away matches like the Burton Wanderers, and this is a trait which is likely enough to bring glory to the Midlands. Much, however, depends on immediate developments.

The question as to whether League teams really "try" when they come down to London has again been brought before us strongly of late. The visit of Sunderland to the Corinthians, Woolwich Arsenal, and the Casuals respectively, is a case in point. Like all League clubs, Sunderland tried desperately hard to beat the Corinthians, and failed. But against the Arsenal and the Casuals they put out virtually second elevens, and did not appear consumed with a passion for success. The Corinthians are going better just now than they promised to do, and this is surprising, seeing that not once have they been able to command the services of either W. S. Gosling, R. C. Gosling, R. Topham, or A. G. Topham. It is a very young Corinthians' team this season.

CRICKET.

Next season's cricket fixtures have been made, and everybody is not satisfied. The moment the Australian visit was announced, I knew discontent was inevitable. How could it have been otherwise? Goodness only knows, our own county card is ponderous enough, and it must have been patent to everybody that, to fulfil our promised list of fixtures, and to give the Australians a show at the same time, would be impossible. And so it comes to pass that Essex and Leicestershire have to suffer, and, unless something equitable is done at the meeting ordered for Jan. 11, neither of those rising counties will figure in the first-class championship next season.

Of course, there is a reverse side to the picture. The Australians' tour will undoubtedly give a great fillip to the cricket season, and an international flavour is bound to make for excitement. At the same time, everybody must regret that two poor young counties have to suffer for the general good. If Leicestershire did nothing else last season, they beat the champions, while Essex, as everybody knows, conquered Yorkshire. I don't suppose either will do such a thing again; but still, I have a foreboding that the championship will suffer from their absence.

GOLF.

Our golfing friends at Barnton are much exercised over the question of Sunday play. Deputations are simply swarming, but the committee at present stands staunchly to its order forbidding golf on the Sabbath. A general meeting will soon be held, I hear, and the subject will be sternly threshed out.

It has now been authoritatively stated that the Open Championship of 1896 shall take place on June 10 and 11, at Muirfield, in East Lothian, the Honourable Company of Edinburgh Golfers' private green. The proposed venue has not given general satisfaction; and the professional element, in particular, favours the idea that England is entitled to the honour.

Mr. Cuthbert, the custodian of the North Berwick ladies' course, has been very busy laying turf at some of the putting greens. The round has been lengthened to some extent.

Mr. Gerald Balfour, the Chief Secretary for Ireland, has just been elected to the Royal Dublin Club.

CYCLING AND ATHLETICS.

Saturday next is the date fixed for the council-meeting of the National Cyclists' Union, which will be held in Hull. The most important subject for consideration is Mr. Blair's "class" motion, while Dr. E. B. Turner's resolution, which has been passed by the Licensing Committee—"That riders shall only be permitted to use machines and essential parts thereof which may be approved by the general committee"—is expected to cause comment.

For next term the Oxford Cross-Country Union have arranged matches with the United Hospitals Hare and Hounds on Feb. 8, and with the Thames Hare and Hounds on the 15th.

I am given to understand that Lord Londonderry has started a Lady Cyclists' Club in Wynyard. He is a staunch advocate of open-air exercise.

It has been left to an American gentleman to invent a plan for the undoing of the genus bicycle-thief. Dr. Mosler, of New York, has just patented a detachable handle-bar, the removal of which renders it impossible for anybody to jump upon the bicycle and ride it away. Perhaps the enterprising thief will now invent a means by which he can affix a "skeleton" handle-bar at a moment's notice.

Feb. 4, 5, and 6 are the new dates announced for the Liverpool Cycle Show.

OLYMPIAN.



MR. E. R. BALFOUR.
CAPTAIN, OXFORD RUGBY FOOTBALL CLUB.
Photo by Gillman and Co., Oxford.

A T R A N D O M.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

"We'll e'en to 't like French falconers, fly at anything we see."

I read somewhere lately that the music-hall is in closer touch with life than the stage, that our drama takes character at second hand from novels, while the music-hall is inspired by direct and original observation. This reminds me of the first time I ever heard a music-hall song at a public entertainment, and of the singular effect it produced on a moderately sophisticated community. Rather more than a quarter of a century ago, I was in the grip of scholastic discipline at a grammar-school in a village near a great seaport. The master was a clergyman of stately presence, with a gift of ironic humour, which kept the school in dread, all except the miller's son, whose bullet-head was left unscorched by the lambent flashes. A fine taste for English prose gave our preceptor the idea of turning us out as stylists; and once a week we laboured over original essays, or strove to reproduce a page or two of Addison, which had been read to us with sonorous elocution. This involved much consultation among the boys, and quaint phrases had a habit of repeating themselves in all the exercises. For instance, on one occasion Sir Roger de Coverley was "conducted to his place of residence." The master sat at his desk reading these compositions, and noting, with a grim smile, the unanimity of this delicate attention. "'They conducted him to his place of residence.' So you all saw hint home—a regular procession of honour, eh? He must have been vastly obliged to you. I hope that Davis"—Davis was the miller's son—"did not fail to grace the scene. Yes, here he is. 'They conducted him to his place of residence.' This is all that Addisonian Davis can remember!"

About that time the wave of penny readings was still surging over England. It had submerged our village, and we swam in recitations, chiefly Tennyson and Dickens. There was a tremendous rally of the local gentry on Enoch Arden and the Lord of Burleigh. For years I always saw that unfortunate nobleman "pacing up and pacing down" in the person of a grave young man with a glossy beard, who, when not engaged in poetry, drove a four-in-hand. Another owner of horses was fond of giving us the Arab's farewell to his steed, and impressed me deeply with a decisive nod at the line, "Thou'rt sold, my Arab steed, thou'rt sold," as who should say there was no going back on the bargain. Mrs. Hemans was represented by a pale youth with red hair, who bowed his crested head, and tamed his heart of fire, with astonishing vehemence. How we sat and imbibed the poets on those Saturday evenings in winter! Nothing was too long or too serious; nobody yawned over "Dora," or wished that "The Idylls of the King" had been compressed. There were lighter elements, of course, in these recreations. The church choir discoursed "The Blue Bells of Scotland." A very shy damsel inveighed in a duet against the false heart of a curate named Jamie, who had won her affections, though he owned to a wife and bairns; but our distress was presently relieved when Jamie clutched his collar, and swore that the wife and bairns were figments of his playful imagination. Famous cotton-brokers from the seaport were full of diversions. One of them had a stock recitation about a negro witness, who insisted on giving evidence with a rigmarole beginning, "Cap'en Rice, he gin a treat." Another let us into the mysteries of life with a song about a dark girl dressed in blue, who made off with the change for a five-pound note. We were introduced to Mrs. Caudle, and made familiar with Ingoldsby. Moreover, the native talent boasted a punster who convulsed us with perversions of the most unpromising local names.

But, alas! there came a weariness of well-doing, and all these exercises in the higher literature began to pall. Tennyson no longer held us spellbound, and we were sick of Cap'en Rice. It was in the third winter of our penny readings that one memorable evening witnessed a social upheaval. Till then the real genius of the music-hall had not been revealed to us. True, the youngest cotton-broker was in the habit of singing such refrains as—

*I swore I never would leave her;
She turned out a dirty deceiver.
Tootletum, tootletum, tootletum, tootletum,
Tootletum, tootletum, tay;*

and—

*She's gone away from a turtle-dove
With a nasty organ-grinder.*

These were mere frolicsome trivialities, however, which made no direct appeal to the growing sense of life in the grammar-school. We were not interested in organ-grinding, and "tootletum tay" touched no deep human chord. But one day there was some excitement over the news that Addisonian Davis's elder brother had come from London on a visit to his people. He was a singer; no amateur "in cotton," but a real artist, who made pots of money out of the comic Muse. What did he

sing? Addisonian Davis would not tell, but hummed snatches in an exasperating way, and curled up with spasms of joyous recollection. It was agreed that he gave himself frightful airs about his brother; still, our curiosity was agreeably tickled, and it was something to know that we should hear the prodigy at the next penny reading.

Now it happened that the chair that evening was occupied by our headmaster. Some chairmen we knew had watched the entertainment with an amused tolerance; others had condescended to sing; one presided very successfully with a banjo; and a certain County Court judge never failed to tell us, in a facetious speech, that he lived ten miles off, and would be just in time to catch his train. But our master was not made of that stuff. He congratulated the audience at the outset on the fact that these penny readings had so long maintained a lofty standard of refinement. In days when cheap vulgarity was so popular it was a matter for heartfelt rejoicing that our village was still in the van of intellectual improvement. That was a glory which, he had no doubt, we would all struggle to preserve untarnished. A feeble cheer rose from the small grammarians; but we were reduced to inarticulate gloom when the chairman proceeded to enforce his precept by reading Macaulay's "Virgilius." We were bored by that noble Roman; too often had he snatched the fatal knife, and hidden it in his gown; too often had Appius Claudius cast a wicked eye on the young Virginia. Nothing sustained us in this trial but the spectacle of Addisonian Davis sitting beside a dashing young man with elaborately curled hair, who whispered in the boy's ear and made him shake with suppressed laughter. Then the chair called upon Mr. Davis, with a brief personal introduction of a gentleman who had won laurels on the lyric stage in the Metropolis, laurels which were shared by the village that had given him birth, and by a family well known among us for an honourable occupation, essential to the happiness of the community, and for the devotion of its youngest member to classical studies. These allusions caused the old miller to mop his head, while my Addisonian schoolmate opened his mouth to the utmost width of stupefaction.

The scene that followed thrills me even at this distance of time. I watched the face of the chair during the first song, and saw the brows contract in a manner that was painfully familiar. That song was a mere preliminary; the ornament of the lyric stage was, so to speak, reconnoitring his native country. He saw that we began to warm to him; encore followed encore, till it was plain that he had the programme at his mercy. In vain the chair suggested, with a stony glare, that Mr. Davis was probably too fatigued to respond any further to our vociferous demands. Mr. Davis shook his elaborate curls, and said he was ready to go on all night. Would we like to hear the song he had sung in all the drawing-rooms of the nobility for six months? We answered with howls of enthusiasm, amidst which he suddenly remembered a pair of lavender kid gloves, and drew them on, an operation watched by the chair with frozen scorn. Why did no misgiving seize Addisonian Davis, who bellowed his delight above us all? Was it a Jacobin frenzy against autocracy that made us heedless of the coming Monday morning, when we should face that awful desk? The favourite ballad of the nobility was our "Marseillaise." It described how the courting of a fair one made the singer demand, with strenuous curiosity—

*Did you ever, did you ever,
Did you ever feel that way?
Did you ever, DID you ever,
Did you ever feel that way?*

I thought that chorus would never end. We put the question to the rafters, to one another, to the girls we knew in the room; we put it, with a shriek of rollicking defiance, to the chair:

*Did you ever, DID you ever,
Did you EVER feel that way?*

O that Monday! Our fitful fever was over, and we gazed at soulless algebraic symbols on a cold blackboard! There was just a little of the new spirit left in Addisonian Davis, enough to make him lift an uncertain voice in the playground with "Did you ever, did you ever——" Here came a peremptory summons to the schoolroom, where we listened to a discourse on the enormity of the Saturday night. Do you remember that, when Colonel Newcome stalked out of the Cave of Harmony, his cane seemed to have fallen on the back of every man in the room? That was a figure of speech; the cane in our case was purely literal. We were not punished for applauding a music-hall singer; there was sufficient reason in the general dislocation of industry. Nobody knew his algebraic symbols; how could we think of x and y with that fascinating ditty ringing in our heads? But some of its charm was dissipated when the cane was laid across the shoulders of young Davis, and a magisterial voice inquired with cutting irony, "Did you ever, did you ever, did you ever feel that way?"

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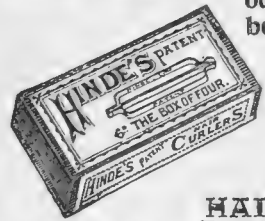
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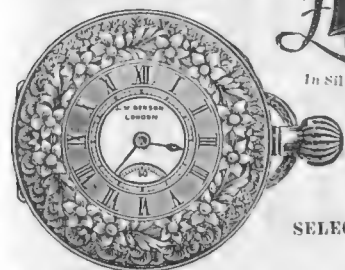
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OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FASHIONS UP TO DATE.

There is always a spice of uncertainty about the reception which will be accorded to you by anyone whom you have systematically neglected for some time, and so my first visit to Dame Fashion was made with some diffidence, in view of those three weeks when Santa Claus claimed all my attention. However, the plunge had to be made, and, after all, I need not have feared, for my liege lady had been revelling in imaginary



sunshine, and forsaking entirely the dwellers in fog and gloom, in order to devote all her inventive genius to those thrice-blessed folks who are about to flee from the vagaries of an English winter to the certain sunshine of the Riviera.

She certainly has good grounds for her desertion—that I must admit—for well we know how even our stray gleams of feeble sunshine show up any and every imperfection in our garments, so how much more does that glorious Riviera sun demand—and obtain—perfection of attire.

It seems to me that it will blaze down this season upon some more than ordinarily beautiful gowns, for Dame Fashion has had ready to her hand such marvels of embroidery, such wonderful tissues and materials generally, that it is small wonder she has outdone herself.

Try to imagine, to begin with, a chiné silk gauze, where the predominating colours are green and rose, the design—which has something of a tapestry effect—being outlined with tiny star-shaped paillettes in shimmering green, interspersed with gold sequins. It is a positive dream of beauty, especially when it veils a bodice of brilliant yellow satin, which, in order that there may be nothing to detract from its all-conquering charm, should be worn with a plain, perfectly hanging skirt of black satin; and then thank the originator of this thing of beauty, who is none other than that very favourite aide-de-camp of Dame Fashion, clever Madame Thorpe, of 106, New Bond Street. She is responsible, too, you must know, for a bodice of the palest blush-rose pink silk muslin, its softness veiled with lisse in a slightly deeper shade, and embroidered with passion-flowers in palest blue and pink velvet appliqué, outlined with glittering silver threads, and with leaves of tender green chenille, studded with paillettes, this lovely fabric being drawn into a collar and waistband of apple-green satin. As for the sleeves, they, with the skirt, are of white-and-pink striped glacé silk, and I fancy that this dress will give green-eyed Jealousy a chance of asserting herself in sunny Monte Carlo, even though beautiful dresses are the rule there, and not the exception.

But even this is ousted in its turn by a gown with a skirt of dark rose-pink cloth, and a bodice of shot rose-and-heliotrope velvet, arranged somewhat in pinafore fashion over a little yoke and narrow vest of white satin, the velvet itself being bordered with an appliqué of very thick string-coloured lace, which is also arranged to form the outline of a

Swiss belt, over which falls the slight overhanging fulness of the bodice-front. I do not think, somehow, that this dress will lose any of its charm for you when I tell you as a secret—which you will not, I am sure, divulge to your dearest friend—that the price is only seven and a-half guineas, and this includes a silken lining, shot to match the velvet, so the same dearest friend will infallibly think that you are revelling in the luxurious extravagance of a twelve-guinea gown.

You will not consider it necessary, I fancy, to undeceive her.

And while we are mentioning prices, I may as well introduce you to the subject of our second sketch, which is destined for wear at Monte Carlo, and perhaps—I only say perhaps—will in due course grace the Casino. Here you have a skirt of pale-grey corduroy velveteen, gathered on the hips, and hanging to perfection; while the bodice itself is of yellow satin, almost covered with an infinity of little frills, fashioned of filmy black chiffon, with a narrow edging of yellowish Valenciennes. These frills are arranged somewhat in zouave form, and drawn upwards to the centre of the corsage, where there flashes a diamond button—a button which, it seems to me, must have been expressly created for this special purpose; its portrait is given for your benefit on the next page.

But of this more anon, for now we have to pay our tribute of admiration to the elbow-sleeves, half of which are composed of the velveteen; while the other and outer half consists of the chiffon frills floating out in airily graceful fashion, and having almost the effect from the front of a little cape flung carelessly over the shoulders.

And nine and a-half guineas only is the price of all this loveliness; so you see that Madame Thorpe is merciful, and, though she knows that this dress will draw you slowly, perhaps, but surely to No. 106, she is not going to take advantage of your weakness by giving it an alarmingly high price, and so, instead of trying to bury the memory of this desirable garment in the deepest recesses of your memory, you can take it openly and joyfully to your wardrobe—much the more satisfactory course. But it is unkind to leave the hat out in the cold; it is much too pretty for that, made, as it is, of green felt, the brim veiled with lace, and, for trimming, sundry bows of shot green-and-pink glacé ribbon and clusters of chrysanthemums in the same tone; while, at the left, guarding the drapery of green velvet which surrounds the crown, rises a high cluster of coque feathers in the same delicate colourings.

Now, perhaps, you will want to know all about our first sketch, and so I must try to reveal some of its glories, though I cannot picture to you



the full beauty of its colouring, for the skirt is of bright violet whipcord, and the Louis Seize coat-bodice is of emerald-green velvet, which forms the background for some of the loveliest embroidery which ever—even in this, the reign of elaborate embroideries—caused me to break the Tenth Commandment without a struggle. There are wee pink and blue flowers, and sprays of lily-of-the-valley blossoms in lace appliqué, scattered

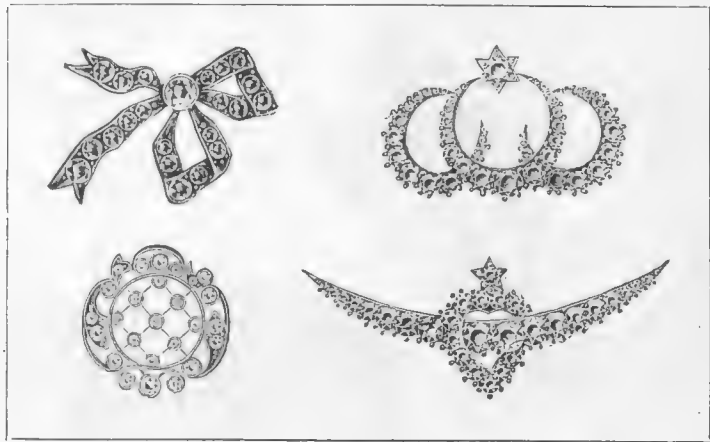
between trailing clusters of larger flowers, which are held together by true-lovers' knots embroidered in pink silk, and with one great topaz gleaming in the centre, while there is a powdering of tiny pearls and gold paillettes over all the flowers—a design which you must see to appreciate to the full, though I think you must even now allow that its claims to notice are very considerable. In this coat, however, it is shown off to the very best advantage by the rich colouring of the velvet, and also by the shimmering whiteness of a satin vest, relieved with ruffings of yellow lace, and there is lace again at the wrists.

If you want to give this perfect dress its fitting complement, add the green felt hat with an openwork brim of violet chenille, and a touch of lace, bunches of violets, and clusters of shaded ostrich-plumes arranged with consummate art—then the effect of your costume will be all that you could desire.

But, after all this splendour, come and share in the restful charms of a bodice of black satin veiled with pleated lisse, the puffs of the sleeves intersected by many little ruffled frills, and the deep cuffs shirred to the wrist. The novelty consists, however, in scarves of the faintest pink lisse, adorned with an appliqué of mellow-tinted lace, which pass over the shoulders, where they are caught with little steel buckles, and then cross at the waist, both at the back and in the front, where other steel buckles are called into requisition. The collar, of frayed-out blue silk, is a little inspiration of colour, which is wonderfully effective; and if you prefer the more striking combination of white satin and apricot velvet, with diamond stars on the shoulders and at the waist, instead of the steel buckles, Madame Thorpe can accommodate you.

After a contemplation of this last dress—or rather, the embroidery portion thereof—and of another of satiny black cloth, which was made beautiful by an openwork design of true-lovers' knots, over brilliant scarlet satin, arranged in stripes on the skirt and in V's on the bodice, I came to the conclusion that we are living in an age of sentiment, which finds its expression in the adornment of our person with true-lovers' knots. If they are not embroidered on our dresses, they occur as brooches, side-combs, and the like, fashioned of sparkling diamonds; while hearts, too, are distinctly in the ascendant, as far as jewellery designs are concerned, at any rate. So evidently sentiment is fashionable, but whether it be real or only simulated, I will not venture to say, for it will be sufficient for us to know that the true-lovers' knot designs and the hearts, and particularly the former, are charming as regards appearance.

But it is high time to get back to Madame Thorpe's creations in general, and especially to a bodice of some wonderful silken gauze in a lovely shade of golden-brown, the openwork design connected by little strands of chenille—green, black, and pink—with pink silk gleaming out rosily from beneath. The slight fulness is held in at the waist by a deep,



tightly drawn band of black velvet, and where it opens in front, over a perfectly plain vest of black velvet, it is bordered with a full frill of frayed-out pink silk, the collar, too, being finished off in the same way. That bodice alone, and the charms of an opera-wrap of white satin, with a design of roses and ribbon brocaded in gold, and with a ruffled collar and jabot drapery of lisse, finished with little strands of ostrich feathers, would be quite sufficient to prove that their originator's acquaintance should be cultivated by any of you who aspire to be well-gowned, and who, at the same time, have dress allowances which are not elastic.

Madame Thorpe has some curious buttons, too, which resemble, if anything, glorified pebbles polished to the highest degree, and revealing stray glimpses of exquisite mother-o'-pearl colouring, which lurks in their white and brownish depths. This latest addition to the Button family, which rivals the Blouse family in its increasing number, requires the intimacy of close acquaintanceship in order that its full beauties may be appreciated, though even a first glimpse impresses its novelty and attractiveness upon you, so I leave it to make its own way in your good graces, and take you on to that other button to which I referred when we were going over the various points of that first dress of ours.

This button is a diamond one, of Louis Seize-fashion, and is calculated to add to the attractiveness of a gown in the most wonderful way; so we must own, I think, that Dame Fashion knew well what she was doing when she ordained that diamonds should adorn our hats, our hair, our gowns, and our shoes this season. And Providence tempers the wind to our shorn purses by giving us the Parisian Diamonds for our adornment, and only we ourselves can be concerned with the fact that the price thereof is a matter of shillings instead of pounds.

These particular buttons, for instance, commence in price (according to size) at seven shillings each, and then we can have the true-lover's knot brooch—again that sentimental emblem, you notice—for eighteen shillings, or three entwined diamond crescents, crowned by a star, for twenty-five shillings, to say nothing of another crescent, which bears the continual burden of a diamond outline heart (for eighteen shillings). Therefore, I can only say that we should be grateful to Providence and the Parisian Diamond Company—the addresses of the latter, by the way, being 85, New Bond Street, 248, Regent Street, 43, Burlington Arcade, W., not to mention Glasgow and Paris. It is a sign of the times, I think, that the company's latest production takes the form of an entire corsage-front of diamonds and pearls, which, against a background of velvet, would look superb. But, for the inspection of smaller things, the brooches and the bracelets, I advise you to reserve a certain space of time in your Christmas shopping expeditions.

Which reminds me that I have had a communication from my old friend Santa Claus, asking me to make up for various sins of omission on his part, for it is weighing on his heart, or his conscience, that he has left unsung the praises of that "White Rose" scent which Atkinson's have made famous, and which has added fresh lustre to their name.

If you love the perfume of the rose—and who does not?—then this scent will appeal to you, for it has caught all the perfume of the flower, and yet it never becomes obtrusively strong. I should not like you to forget either the "Jockey Club Bouquet" or the "Essence of Freesia," and if, between three such fascinating productions, you find choice a difficult matter, there is an easy and, for the recipient, a pleasant way out of the difficulty provided by daintily got-up boxes, where, on a bed of tender-green satin, a bottle of each perfume lies at ease. In fact, Messrs. J. and E. Atkinson's methods of making their perfumes still more attractive by means of the cases, are endless, like their ingenuity, and to prove this statement you have only to pay a call at 24, Old Bond Street, though the scents themselves you can obtain almost everywhere.

And Santa Claus now wants to go on to quite a different subject, one which will appeal to the men just as much as the perfumes do to the womenkind; and so he bids me draw your attention to the fact that Messrs. Spencer, Turner, and Boldero, Limited, that famous firm of 61 to 93, Lisson Grove, N.W., have some splendid matured Burnay port, for the forwarding of good cheer this Christmas-time, from twenty-two to twenty-seven shillings a dozen. It has been in bottle in their cellars for twelve months, and so those who understand the subject will appreciate its value without any further words of mine; and their other wines and spirits are, I hear on the best authority, equally praiseworthy.

Then may I, on my own account and in the interests of housewives in general, who know that Christmas brings in its train an increased demand for the good things of life in general, and cake as one of the particular things, just say a word as to the merits of the cakes which our own Messrs. John Hill and Son, of the Tudno Cake Factory, Newcastle-on-Tyne, as their maker, and which, although they merit their title of "rich," can be specially recommended for children, inasmuch as they are absolutely pure, and therefore wholesome? That they are popular is proved by the fact that the production exceeds fifty tons per week—try to realise fifty tons of cake!—and their variety is apparently endless, while, moreover, they are cheap. If your grocer or baker doesn't keep these cakes (which he should do), all you have to do is to send three-pence in stamps to the firm direct, and then, in return, you will receive three samples of their cakes—just enough to make you want to obtain more, to the great joy of any children who may be included in the household, though the elder folks are not likely to scorn anything so delicious as Hill's cakes.

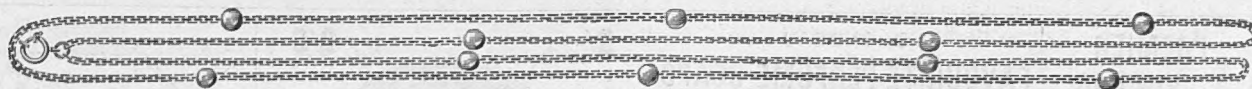
Variety is charming, so I make no apology for jumping on to still another subject; it is in your own interests, for Santa Claus brings upon us all a vast amount of correspondence, and the only way to make it more pleasurable and less tedious and irksome is to provide yourself with good paper and a good pen. Now, to me, the term of "good paper" is merely a translation of "Hieratica," which, we are told, was the ancient writing-paper of the priests. Well, all I can say is, that the ancient priests had excellent taste, and that we cannot do better than follow their good example by making "Hieratica" notepaper the chosen medium of our correspondence. It has a surface upon which it is a positive pleasure to write, and yet it is absolutely free from any suggestion of glaziness. So, take my advice, and spend one shilling on five quires of notepaper and another shilling on a hundred Court envelopes.

Then you will be prepared for anything, even for the sending-off of the inevitable Christmas cards, and the acknowledgment of any of the presents with which the representatives of Santa Claus may present you, especially if you complete the purchase by obtaining one of those "Swan" fountain pens, with which, you may be interested to know, Hall Caine wrote "The Manxman," and which I can, from personal experience, testify are an inestimable boon to any and every one who has any quantity of writing to do.

Think of the time and the trouble saved by doing away with those endless journeys to the inkpot, and your handwriting will not be affected in the least, for any kind of pen is supplied in the "Swan." Just take or send the nib you are in the habit of using to Messrs. Mabie, Todd, and Bard, 93, Cheapside, E.C., or 95A, Regent Street, W., and prepare to expend half-a-guinea, sixteen, or twenty-five shillings, according to the size of your pen. After having supplied yourself, remember the claims of the husbands or cousins or brothers, who wield the daily and indispensable pen, and then prepare to be greeted as their benefactor for ever afterwards. I know that the friend who introduced the "Swan" to me has occupied a pedestal in my regard ever since.

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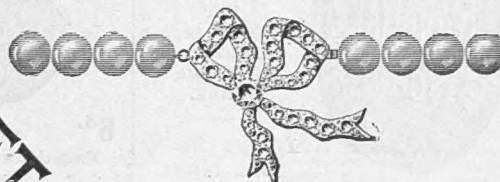
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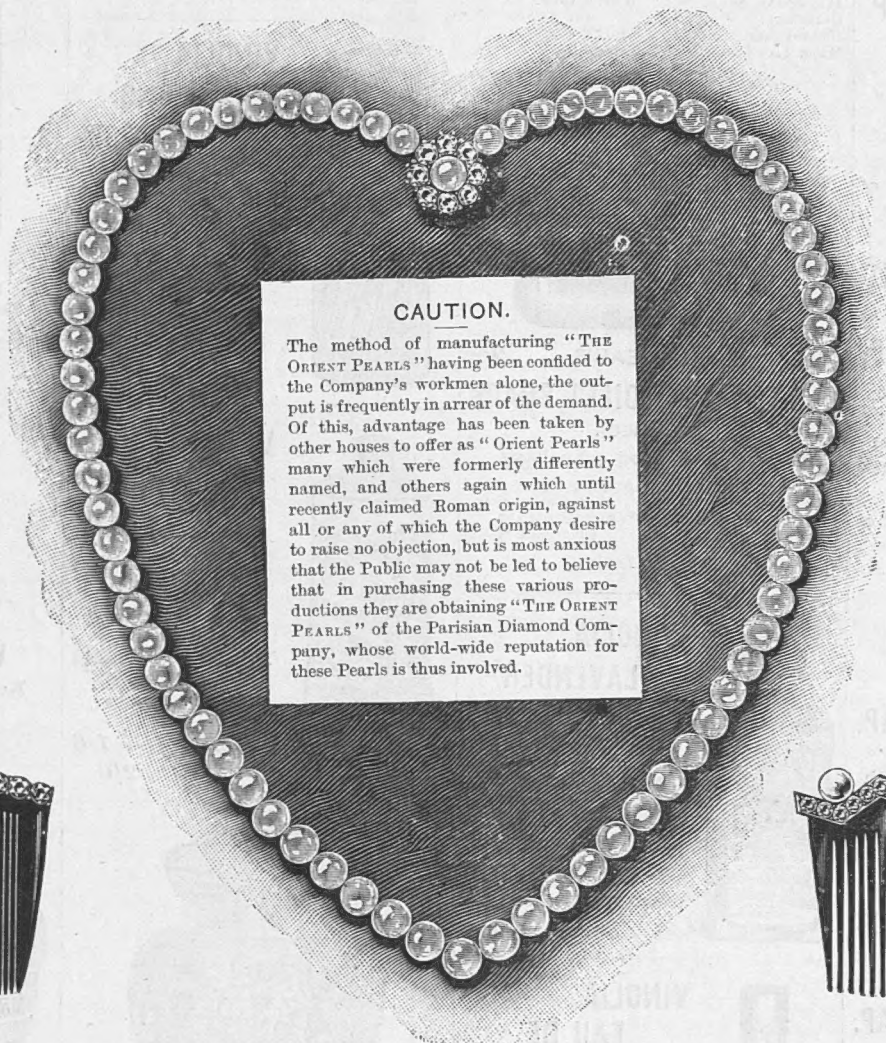
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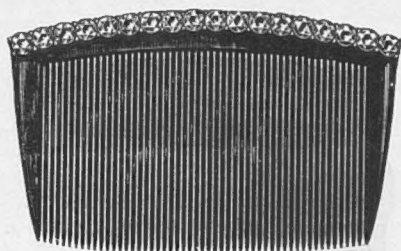


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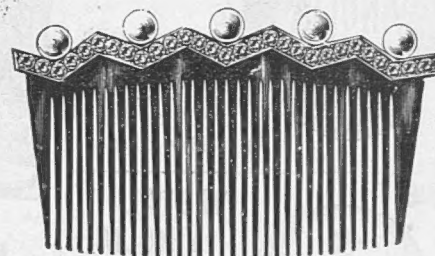
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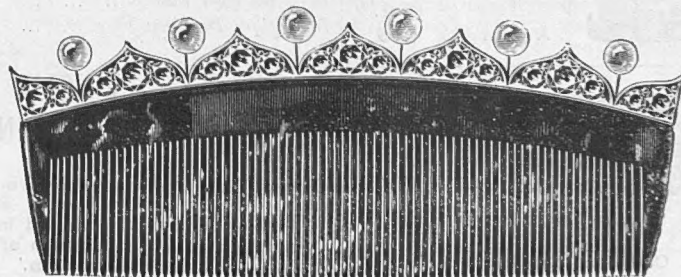
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For
Delicate,
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Irritable
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1/- per Box of
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Causes no
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Recommended
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2/- per Box of
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Scented with
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THIS IS
SUPREME FOR
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Made with
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COAL TAR.
TEREBENE.
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CARBOLIC.

GUARANTEED PURE.

1/- per Box of
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6d. Exquisitely Perfumed with the
choicest scents.

BABY SOAP.
COLD CREAM. MAREQUIL. JEQUILLA. LYS DE FRANCE. MARÉCHAL NIEL. ORIENTAL. HELIOTROPE. MUSK LAVENDER.
CUCUMBER AND GLYCERINE. LETTUCE. SHAMPOO. WHITE ROSE AND CUCUMBER. VIOLET. OPOPONAX.

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Made from a good soap basis.
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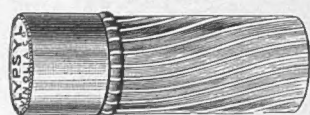
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A Coralline Emollient for Dry,
Rough, Cracked, or Pallid Lips.
Rose-Red and White Tints.

Flat Boxes ... -/6
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2/- 2/6 1/- FLAT CAKES.

Causes no Blotches under the
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PREMIER, 1/- TOILET, 2/-
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VINOLIA SHAVING STICK.

Makes Shaving a
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PREMIER, 6d.

TOILET,
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VINOLIA SHAVING FOAM.

In Collapsible
Tubes.

Yields a Splendid
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TOILET, 1/-, 1/6
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VINOLIA POMADE.

Natural to the Hair and Scalp.

In White Opal Vase ... 2/-
In Antique Porcelain Vase ... 3/6



VINOLIA BRILLIANTINE.

Does not Leave the
Hair Greasy and
Sticky, the Oil being
in a state of
Solution.

For the Hair and for the
Moustache,
1/-, 2/-, and 3/6



VINOLIA POWDER.

For Redness, Roughness, Toilet,
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In Three Tints—Pink, White, and Cream.
1/-, 1/9, 3/6, and 6/-



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For Itching, Face Spots, and the
Skin in Health and Disease.

1/1, 1/9, 3/6, and 6/- per Box.



VINOLIA DENTIFRICE.

Keeps the Teeth Ivory White.

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Soothing to Tender
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Concentrated, Delicate, and Pure.
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Vinolia Bouquet,
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Millefleur,
Stephanotis,
Opononax,
Patchouli,
Musk,
Ambergris,
Amaryllis,
White Lilac,
Jasmin,
Musk Rose,
Honeysuckle,
New Mown Hay, Narcissus, Clematis,
Lily of the Valley, Rondeletia, Hyacinth,
White Heliotrope, White Rose,
Wallflower, Ylang Ylang.

1/3, 1/9, 3/-, 5/-, and 9/-
per Bottle.

BLONDEAU et CIE., Malden Crescent, LONDON, N.W.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Dec. 27.

It has been "deadly dull" on the Stock Exchange all this week. The causes to which we referred last week have continued, and have been accentuated by a certain falling off in the hitherto steady stream of investment-buying by small capitalists, and by grave disappointment at the obstinate attitude of the workmen on the Clyde and at Belfast. It is true there is no selling to speak of by the public, but there still is and must be a lot of stock to be got rid of by those who took it, not because they wished it, but because they wanted it not to be thrown on the market. At every rally a little more of this "wreckage" is dribbled, so that the market is always a little "sick."

This is so clear that, on Thursday, the moment the dealings for the new account began, there was a sharp little "bear" raid, and everything was put down sharply. The outside public do not want to be paying for stock or arranging differences in Christmas week, and the jobbers knew it. The jobbers did not want any more stock on their books, and the "bears" knew it, so they sold freely, and had it all their own way, offering everything. On Friday this was repeated, and the markets were very, very flat, and so they were the first thing this morning. Then buying orders came in, and there was a sharp rally; some of those who were offering stock freely the first thing in the morning had none to sell when a few real purchasers came along. This shows that prices are pretty well at bottom, and that, though there may be long-continued dullness, there is no present probability of any considerable break.

About the worst market is the American. All shares likely to have assessments made on them are pressed for sale by Wall Street, and, in spite of the unexpected 1 per cent. dividend on Denver Preferred, the market seems to have no spring in it. Baltimore and Ohio are down about six points at 47½.

Home Rails would improve if it were not for the Scotch strike, and will improve as soon as that is settled. In spite of the apparently determined attitude of the men, a settlement may yet come quite suddenly.

"TRUNKS AND CANADAS."

If anyone wished to moralise on the vanity of human expectations, he could hardly choose a better subject for his theme than Grand Trunks, and, failing that, he might very well turn his attention to Canadian Pacifics. Both these companies own important lines of railway, traversing what is supposed to be a vigorous and progressive as well as a new country, and both have signally failed to come up to anticipations. Both companies, too, had their special advantages, which were enthusiastically dilated upon by their respective supporters.

The Grand Trunk, besides serving a large and rich district in Canada, was, in some sort, an international road, since by an important branch of its system it connects the Dominion with the greatest distributing centre of the American North-West and one of the greatest centres in the world—to wit, Chicago. The Canadian Pacific, or the "C.P.R.," as it is affectionately termed, appealed still more strongly to the imagination. It is the only British road that connects the Atlantic with the Pacific, and its fortunes are in no small degree a matter of Imperial concern. As an alternative route to India and the East, it may one day be of the greatest service to the British Empire, while, as an engineering feat pure and simple, it is one of the achievements of the century. The Company obtained exceptional privileges from the Canadian Government, among which was a very extensive land-grant, and it was hoped that along its thousands of miles of line towns and hamlets would spring up, and the country would blossom like the rose.

So much for the glowing expectations of the past. Now for the cold reality of the present. The mistake was in looking at only one side of the medal. True, the Grand Trunk had the advantage of being an international line, but for that very reason it was keenly subject to United States competition. Its management was ambitious, and launched out into enterprises which have since been as a millstone about the neck of the Company. The development of Canada did not progress nearly as fast as was confidently anticipated. Still struggling, and still launching out in the hopes of attracting fresh business, the Grand Trunk at last piled up a mountain of debt upon its back which shuts off the junior securities from all hope of a return within any reasonable slice of the future.

The Canadian Pacific had its own peculiar difficulties to contend with. It is, no doubt, a great trade artery across the North American Continent; but long stretches of the line run through dreary wildernesses, through rocky and broken territory, where local traffic is, and probably always will be, conspicuous by its absence. Moreover, the line was hastily laid in the first place, and heavy sums had to be expended subsequently in replacing the rough trestle-bridges which carried the trains over foaming torrents and across tremendous ravines.

The results have been little less than disastrous, and a comparison of market values will show the enormous extent to which these securities have depreciated. In 1884, Grand Trunk "Guaranteed" stock was quoted at 82½, you can buy it now for about 41½; that is, a depreciation of 50 per cent. in rather over a decade, and during this period the average annual dividend has been less than 3 per cent., while since 1893 no dividend at all has been paid.

Naturally, the First, Second, and Third Preference and the Ordinary stocks, representing over £33,000,000 of capital between them, have fared still worse than the so-called Guaranteed. Only a few dividends have been paid on the first three, and the Ordinary has never been within sight of a distribution.

The company started the present year, consequently, with a deficit

on bonded and debenture interest of £97,000. During the first half of the current year there was a further deficiency of £94,083, making a total debit balance up to the end of June of £191,556. This, it must be admitted, was the lean half of the year, and during the first four of the current six months there has been an advance in net earnings of £46,040. That this will be much added to during the remaining two months for which the accounts have to come in is not to be expected, and of late, unfortunately, the gross receipts have begun to decline.

A dividend on the Guaranteed stock is, of course, out of the question, and it is difficult to see how more than a portion of the deficit incurred during the first half of 1895 can be wiped off, leaving that accumulated at the end of 1894 untouched. The only consolation that the stockholders have is, that whatever can be done for the line will be performed by Sir Charles Rivers Wilson and his colleagues.

WESTRALIAN EXPLORING COMPANIES.

A short time back we drew attention to the West Australian Exploring and Finance, and its kinsman, the London and Globe. We were confident that these concerns would amply repay the investor, and the events of the past few days have justified our assertion. Indeed, except in the case of a few carefully selected mines, it is advisable that speculators should confine their attention in Westralians to the leading exploring concerns. Westralian mines are often phenomenally rich, but the country is not yet fully proved, and, although the crushings of next month will reveal many excellent properties, and not a few bad ones, there is time enough before the speculator need take the plunge into individual concerns.

The Exploring companies are in a happier position. They content themselves with purchasing properties approved by their agents, and dispose of the same at a profit. The process is eminently satisfactory to the shareholders, since the risk is limited. Given reliable agents and an honest directorate, and dividends will appear with exemplary regularity. We have had instances of satisfactory statements of this kind during the past few days. The London and Globe, which, in company with its companion, has made very large profits, declares an interim dividend of two shillings per share. The older-established West Australian Goldfields is enabled to pay four shillings per share, and add a considerable sum to the reserve.

The policy of building up large reserves of capital, with a view to extending operations, is strongly to be recommended. Westralia is still in its infancy, and the exploring company with the largest available capital must, other things being equal, obtain the largest share of the spoil. Hannan's is now well known, and some other districts have every scrap of available ground pegged out in claims. But there are vast tracts of territory still comparatively unknown. The great East Murchison district, of which Lawler's is the centre, is, in the opinion of many, the most promising field of Westralian enterprise. Just as the early bird catches the worm, so will the exploring company first on the field, and well supplied with capital, obtain the pick of the mines at a cost which will enable it to show considerable profits later.

The speculator would, therefore, do wisely to spread his money over the best concerns which apply themselves to this exploring work. The leading companies in this enterprise are the West Australian Exploring and Finance, the West Australian Goldfields, the London and West Australian Exploration, and the Colonial Finance Corporation. These companies are all well managed, possess reliable agents, and are in a position to procure the best mines available in the districts at present known, and those for which prospectors are searching daily throughout the Colony. Although the present dividend returns may not appear phenomenal, we are confident that the future has bright prospects in store. But there are swindling concerns even among Westralian exploring companies, and the speculator must be on his guard against them.

SCOTCH RAILWAY PROSPECTS.

Although there is very little speculation indeed going on in the Stock Exchange generally, there is a very considerable amount of dealing in the stocks of the two leading Scotch railways—the Caledonian and the North British. One day it was announced that the Clyde Shipbuilding Strike had been settled by the Conference over which Lord James presided, and the next it was declared that the deadlock was worse than ever, as the men had refused the suggested compromise.

By the time this appears in print there may have been many such fluctuations, or the matter may have been finally decided one way or the other; but we hope that the shipbuilding operatives will not be so given over to insanity as to persist in this ruinous strike. It has occurred at the very time when trade was reviving all over the country, and particularly in the shipbuilding industry, of which the Clyde and the Lagan are leading centres. Japan had some fifteen millions of Chinese war-indemnity money in the Bank of England, and was understood to have the intention of expending the greater part of it in warships and other armaments, while China also was known to be meditating the replenishment of her smashed-up fleet. All round there were orders impending on behalf of our own and foreign Governments, so the shipbuilders promptly struck.

Such an attitude is so suicidal that we cannot conceive its being maintained for long; and, therefore, in anticipation of the strike's termination, we would call special attention to the merits of the Scotch stocks, and particularly of Caledonian Deferred. This stock used in the old days to be the speculative favourite of the market. It was superseded in the course of time by Dover A, which, in turn, gave way to Brighton A; but it looks as if the day of "Coras" was returning again. Not for years have we seen the dealers in any market so unanimously enthusiastic

regarding the merits of anything as they are at present in respect of "Coras," and this looks well for the speculative prospects.

Had it not been for the Clyde strike, Caledonian Deferred would have been 60 by now, for the traffics were going ahead famously, until the strike came to interrupt. Even as it is, the Caledonian shows an increase of £208,316 for the nineteen weeks to date, while the North British increase is £116,906. The fact that the comparison is against the period of the coal-strike last year accounts, of course, for a considerable part of this gain; but, making every allowance for this, the figures are surprisingly good. Hitherto the Scotch stocks have been regarded as stocks without any dividend possibilities worth mentioning; but it is now being recognised that Caledonian Deferred, at least, is one of the most progressive securities in the Home Railway Market, and ought to be raised to quite a different level.

COMPANY AND OTHER ISSUES OF THE WEEK.

The following prospectuses have reached us—

THE CROWN LEASE PROPRIETARY COMPANY, LIMITED, is formed with a share-capital of £250,000 and £200,000 4 per cent. debentures, and offers £105,000 6 per cent. cumulative preference shares and £100,000 ordinary shares. It is formed for the purpose of erecting an opera-house, a number of handsome shops, some good residential chambers, and a first-rate restaurant and club, on the splendid site, nearly an acre in extent, lately occupied by Her Majesty's Theatre. There is no doubt that the situation is unrivalled, the property having extensive frontages to Pall Mall, the Haymarket, and Charles Street; and the prospectus states that, while sites in Northumberland Avenue and Pall Mall are subject to ground-rents of about 9s. per foot, this site has been secured by direct lease from the Crown for a period of eighty years, at a rent of 1s. 11d. per foot. It is proposed to let the Opera-House (which is to be one of the finest opera-houses in the world) for £9000 a-year to a new company about to be formed, called "The Imperial Opera Company, Limited," and, if the two companies between them can secure to London an opera-house worthy of the Metropolis, we shall certainly wish it well. It is to be hoped that the enterprise will be supported by the music-loving public on these grounds, whether the handsome dividends anticipated by the directors are or are not secured.

STANLEY BROTHERS is a company formed to take over the Nuneaton Brick, Tile, Pipe, and Enamel Glaze Works, and two other works of the same vendors. The capital is £160,000, half in 6 per cent. preference shares, and half in ordinary shares. The purchase price is £114,000, and the accountants' certificate of profits is, to our mind, very unsatisfactory. We advise all our readers to leave this affair severely alone, or, if they have applied, to withdraw at once.

MORALEE'S DRY DOCK COMPANY is issuing 4½ per cent. mortgage debentures and ordinary shares. The share capital is £60,000, and the debenture issue £40,000. No profits are stated. Last year this company, with a capital of £12,500, only took over Mr. Moralee's business, and we find no satisfactory explanation of the increase or of the necessity for the present issue. We sincerely trust none of our readers will subscribe.

THE RAMSGATE MARINA, PIER, AND LIFT COMPANY'S issue last March having got the reception it deserved, a further attempt is being made to induce the public to swallow this tempting morsel. The prospectus is not dated, so it will "do again" without reprinting! It has only just reached us, but its advertisement takes the whole of the first three pages of the *Investor* of the 30th ult., on the fourth page of which reputable organ it is "strongly recommended," in company with the East Kent Brickworks, the Totnes Slate Quarries, the Hotel Métropole, Scarborough, and Tivoli, Leicester, by a "bucket-shop" called the United Share and Debenture Trust, Limited.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NOTE.—Through want of space last week, the first three answers were obliged to be omitted. We apologise to our correspondents.

DICK.—We would not be found dead with the share-certificates of Nos. 1, 2, and 4 in our pocket; No. 3 on paper looks better, but it comes from a dangerous quarter. How could you have got hold of such a lot of rubbish?

A. S. B.—We answered your letter on Dec. 6, and hope you have got the reply.

NOVICE.—Go to a respectable broker in your own town, and consult him. No. 1 we would not touch, as it will never pay a dividend on its ordinary shares in your lifetime. No. 2 is a good speculative investment—we think the last dividend was at the rate of 6 per cent. Do not invest through any of the advertising touts, or you will get robbed; but find a respectable firm of local brokers, and be guided by them.

L. F. (ELIE).—We can only send you the name and address of dealers in lottery bonds by private letter, for which see Rule 5.

TOMMY.—We have no faith in the concern you mention, which is one of the companies produced by the Mockford family. All kinds of favourable reports are and have been circulated, but when a company comes out of a wrong "stable" our experience is that it seldom does any good.

KENSINGTON PARK.—(1) We should not care about it. (2 and 3) Certificates usually take between two and three months to get themselves issued. Your allotment letters and call receipts are as good as share certificates. Write to the secretary and ask when the certificates will be ready. We are not sweet on either concern. (4) You will never see a penny back. The concern, in our opinion, was like all the other "Pape" affairs, a—No, we can't say it, for fear of the libel law.

L. D.—See our last week's answer. Write to the Editor, and, if he does not answer you, don't blame us.

BOLTONIAN.—We think badly of it. We are glad we have no money of our own in it.

J. B.—We put the required address on the post-card, though it is against our rules to answer questions, except in the paper, without special fee.

BODEGA.—(1) We think well of it, but don't imagine you hold Consols. (2) One of O'Hagan's concerns; we should not care much about it for ourselves.

(3) A very good company. On the whole, we think, even at present price, worth buying. (4) All depends on the course of the African Market generally. If we had a general revival, you might see your price, but we do not look upon the concern with favour.

NOBODY (GOOLE).—(1) Nobody can tell you why these shares go up or down. The "gang" is a clever one, but unscrupulous, and we never heard of an outsider making any money out of dealing in their stuff. The £5 shares have lately been divided into five of £1 each; and the price represents, therefore, £7 per share on the old form. (2) Write to the secretary, address 59½, Southwark Street, S.E., and ask for a report of the last meeting. If he cannot furnish it, you will get from him the date, and, by purchasing the *Times* of the next day, will get a report.

AJAX.—The office is a very sound one. We should prefer the Scottish Widows Fund. Spend a shilling on a book called "How to Select a Life Office," by Dent, before insuring, and you will be amply repaid by the knowledge you will get of the best office to select.

SMIKE.—By a curious chance we received a letter from our correspondent in Manila by this mail. He says: "The P.M.S. are supposed to be on their last legs; but they are on a very rich reef, and will get enough gold to keep the company going." We understand the management is to be changed, and our correspondent says, if the new man is good, "the shares will become very valuable." We give you all this for what it is worth—the opinion of an honest man upon the spot.

E. M. K.—We should not care to do business with either of the people you mention. The addresses you give are not the same as in the Stock Exchange list.

NEMO SOLUS SAPIT.—(1) We should not do business with them. They are touts of the worst kind. (2) Certainly not a safe investment. (3) We would not hold these shares, as they represent gross over-capitalisation.

M. W. W.—Somebody else has adopted your *nom de plume* of "Ajax." (1) We should hold, although the African Market does not look gay, and it is a mere matter of opinion. (2) We have no faith in this concern. (3) Your prospectus has been returned; it reads very well, but we don't like it, and, if you can get out, we advise you to do so.

E. Y. O.—(1) Hold. (2) Ditto. (3) Ditto. (4) Ditto. (5) A speculative low-price share. (6) We never recommended this, and know nothing in its favour. Both firms of brokers you name are reliable, we believe. We prefer the first.

HOP.—We sent you the post-card, with the word "Yes" on it, and hope you have received it.

C. C. (NEWCASTLE).—The first firm you name are a bad lot, and desired to sell their own shares before you and other victims became sellers; in fact, if you had insisted on selling, they would have had to buy. These people have, to our certain knowledge, pleaded the Gambling Act several times, and are, therefore, mere swindlers. Of course, their own shares were probably all or nearly all "plunder." The second firm are no better, and you have simply been robbed by both. It seems as if there are so many confiding people in the world that it is useless to continually warn people against these advertising touts, nearly all of whom ought to be "doing time" with Jabez.

WESTMORELAND.—The bonds are genuine enough, but the firm you name charge about 30 per cent. too much for them. If you comply with Rule 5, we will send you privately the name of a firm who will sell you the same thing at the proper market-price. Nobody can prevent you winning a prize, or taking it if won. It is only illegal in the sense that you cannot recover at law *here*.

S. J. C.—Although your first letter was dated Nov. 28, it only reached us on Dec. 11, hence the delay. The concern you name in it we hear well spoken of, but we should prefer half-a-dozen other things. We think you have not made a bad selection, but, for our own money, we should substitute either Hannan's Reward or Mount Margaret for the second company on your list. We think the present not a bad time to buy, for you must not expect to get in at the absolute bottom.

PERPLEXED SPINSTER.—It is very difficult to get five per cent. mortgages nowadays. Go to some respectable solicitor in your own district and see what he can do for you; if you want to lend money he will not charge you anything for the interview. You might do worse than buy two New York Brewery Six Per Cent. debentures at 96, or the Pre-preference Shares of the Assam Railway and Trading Company, or Ely Brothers shares, or Bovril shares, all of which will pay you good interest.

H. C. and C. C. H.—We have written you, and hope you have got our letters.

D. W. T.—We have wired you and written. We only got your letter sent on to us late on Dec. 13.

NEMO.—(1) We should think, plenty of brokers. (2) Speculative, but we think not a bad risk. Hannan's Brown Hill are worth buying now. We are not allowed to give names of brokers in this column. If you want us to send you names, it must be by private letter.

SOLD.—Your *nom de plume* expresses exactly what has happened in your case. Get rid of the things if you can.

There will be no Financial Notes or Correspondence in next week's issue, on account of the Christmas holidays. We will endeavour to answer private letters with as much despatch as possible; but, as our office will be shut, &c., correspondents must forgive any delay which may arise.

Men, as a rule, find it more difficult to select Christmas presents for their male friends than is the case with the ladies, to whom shopping is an art and a pleasure that it is not to the sterner sex. Few men, however, appreciate, as a Christmas gift, anything more than they do a case of good whisky, and they can always obtain good whisky in the "Monopole" brand, supplied by Messrs. Arnold, Perrett, and Co., of 7A, Lower Belgrave Street, S.W. This firm, too, supplies excellent champagnes, at moderate prices, suitable for Christmas parties.

COUPON TICKET

SPECIALY GUARANTEED BY THE

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INSURANCE TICKET. (Applicable to passenger trains in Great Britain and Ireland.)

Issued under Section 33 of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act," 1890.

ONE THOUSAND POUNDS will be paid by the above Corporation to the legal representative of any person killed by an accident to the train in which the deceased was an ordinary ticket-bearing passenger, and who, at the time of such accident, had upon his person this ticket, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil on the space provided below, which is the essence of this contract.

PROVIDED ALSO that the said sum will be paid to the legal representative of such person injured should death result from such accident within three calendar months thereafter.

This Insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and entitles the holder to the benefit of and is subject to the conditions of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act," 1890, Risks Nos. 2 and 3.

The purchase of this publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under Sec. 34 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal or of the said Corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon Ticket in respect of the same risk.

Dec. 18, 1895.

Signature.....